

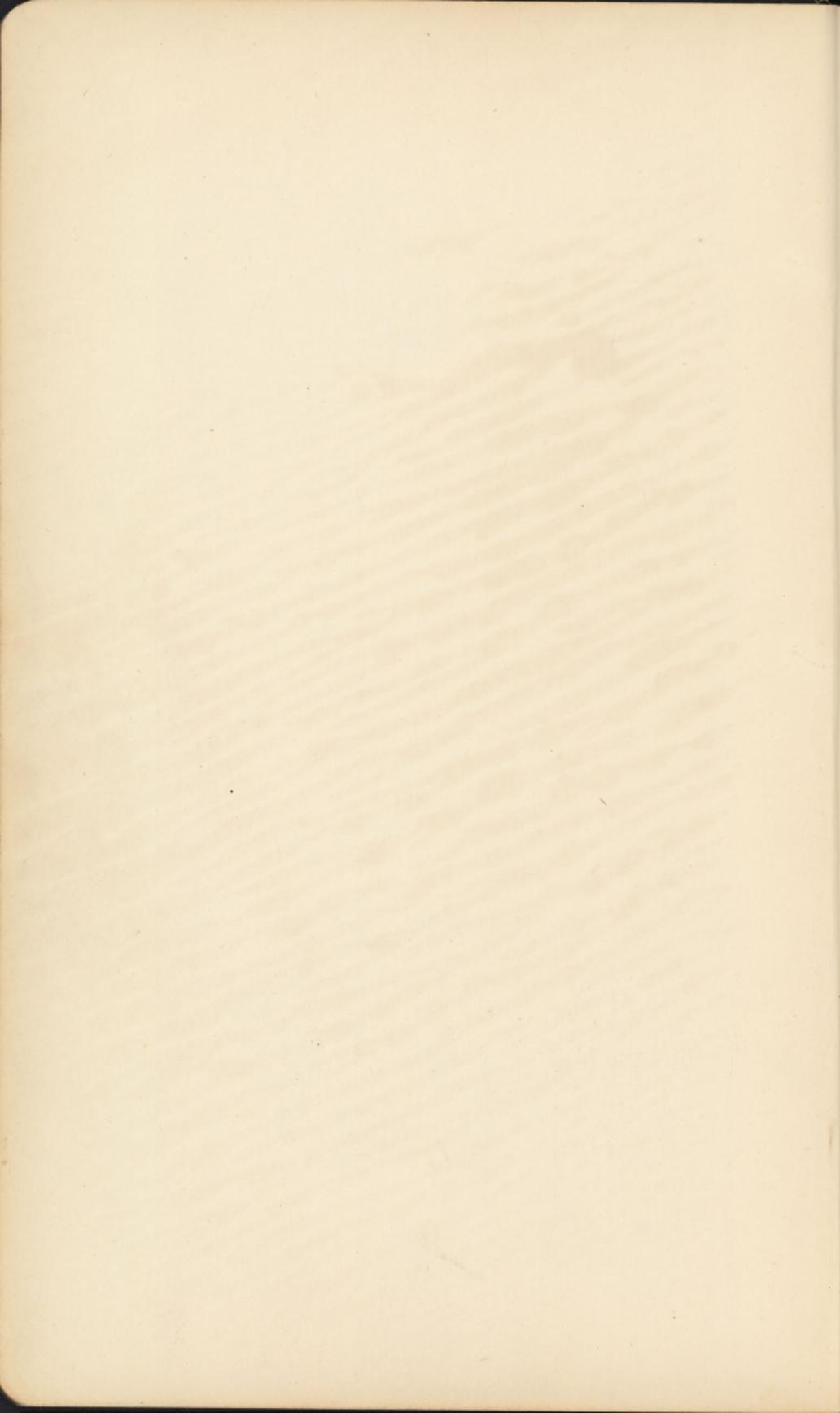
MARCH 9, 1953

To

MAY 11, 1954

RECORD

No. 530



41.35

March 9/53 . Rust & scale cleaned out of electric water heater

Dec. 16/52 Furnace motors oiled. (This should be done Feb. 1 and Oct. 1 each year)

Feb. 11/54 McAul put new air filters in furnace.

Feb 10/54 Furnace motors oiled.

MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1953

Very cold. Ice everywhere but only thin patches of snow. McCaul dismantled & cleaned the electric water heater this afternoon; it was choked with rust & scale - hadn't been cleaned for at least 2½ years - should be cleaned every six months.

Joseph Stalin was buried beside Lenin with great pomp in Moscow this morning.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 11/53

Very cold weather - January weather - for the past 4 days, temp. about 10° above zero & a high wind. Tommy took the car to Clark's Harbor this afternoon with some of the basketball team. (They got licked by 9 points on the cramped little floor there). In backing my car out of the driveway at home he rammed (of all things to ram) a brand-new Hudson car parked outside Pentz's house across the street. The owner was a Moncton commercial traveller named Le Blanc. Tommy told him about the accident when he came out. Le Blanc called at my house. There is no Hudson dealer in town, it will have to be repaired in Moncton - a matter of replacing two long strips of chromium on the side, just below the left rear door. I told Le Blanc to send me the bill. As Tommy is a minor, my insurance policy does not cover the accident.

FRIDAY, MAR. 13/53

Another flood of rain. Went to the gym. tonight to see Liverpool play off with Clark's Harbor for the high school championships of the South Shore. Tommy & his pals won ^{the series} by 43-40 ^{gaming point} enough to offset the sharp trouncing from Clark's Harbor in the enemy's territory two days ago. The winner goes to Antigonish for the provincial school play-offs.

SUNDAY, MAR. 15/53

leaf & sunny. Church this morning. Young Tom sick with a sore throat & confined to bed. Spent the afternoon driving about the town & Mutton, & to

Carters Beach, showing the various points of historic interest to the Don Macdonalds & their guest Mr. George Chapman of North Sydney. They came to tea with us afterwards. Tonight E. & I went to the Mowbray Jones' house & joined a small group assembled to see some (talking) films brought down by Joe Connolly, including some heavily "arty" Russian films distributed by the Soviet agency Artkino in New York - some scenes (with excellent singing) from Rigoletto, various folk dances & songs in Russian, a very beautiful (but poorly lighted) bit of ballet, the Dying Swan, etc. - all issued to prove to other nations that Russia is not only foremost in the field of war but in cultural matters also - this was quite nicely avowed in a little printed preamble in English.

Joe drew me aside & asked my permission to use (without payment) my short story "Bald Eagle" in a broadcast play for CBC. I refused, politely & pleasantly, pointing out that I can't afford to give away performing rights in my work. He said he was doing the thing for CBC for \$30 and for the love of it, implying that I should do the same. I didn't bite & he went on to chat about politics:-

Item: The present Liberal govt. of N.S. is old, stale & corrupt, & is only held together by the character of Angus Macdonald, who is known to be incorruptible. If Angus L. retired tomorrow the Liberal party in N.S. would fall to pieces.

Item: The present investigation in the Liquor Commission's affairs, stirred up by the opposition, threatens to reveal a most unsavory mess. Bribery by brewery & distillers' agents has been rampant. For example a cabinet minister, the Hon. Harold Connolly, took \$ a

the proposed history for Doubleday. ("I am dismayed at what such a project would do to your own (fiction) writing plans") This chimes with my own doubts about playing the tail to Costain's kite, & with Bill Deacon's impressions. Played 18 holes at White Point (in 101) this afternoon, alone, in a black east wind with flying specks of snow.

SATURDAY, MAR. 21/53 Sunny, cool. Played 18 holes at White Point in 100. Several others out; although the course is still like a marsh. Letter from Hugh F. Puller RCN acknowledging my congratulations on his promotion from commodore to rear-admiral. He leaves Halifax soon for a post in Ottawa. Wrote Ken McCormick of Doubleday saying No as gracefully as possible to his & Costain's proposal.

Weather Bureau reports that the winter just past was the mildest ever recorded in Nova Scotia & the records began in 1874. There was an average snowfall but every fall was followed by a heavy rain that washed it out. And the thermometer never dropped below zero even in the few cold snaps.

SUNDAY, MAR. 22/53 A real spring day, clear sky, warm, the ground drying. Church this morning. Thin choir & congregation - many sick with flu. Golf this afternoon (score again 100) with Randy Day & his wife. Many players out. Drove to Milton tonight with C. for the weekly chat with Aunt Marie Bell.

Tonight (and last night) large flocks of wild geese were honking overhead on their way north.

MONDAY, MAR. 23/53 Wonderful warm calm day. Fox sparrows singing everywhere. Took storm windows off my den, washed the inner windows & put on screen.

Played 18 holes at White Point (95) & had the course to myself. Afterwards sat in my den reading the paper & "Life" with the window thrown right up for the first time since October, in a temperature of 75° from the sun alone. Grass fires everywhere. For the past 3 days the fire alarm siren has been wailing 4 or 5 times a day, mostly for grass fires that got out of hand — a sure sound of spring.

TUESDAY, MAR. 24/53

This day began fine & warm, & I washed my car for the first time since last October. Then the wind swung east & when I went to White Point for golf this afternoon it was blowing in from the sea under a grey sky & cold & keen as a sword.

Again I had the course to myself, & I had to move almost at a trot to keep warm, for I had only my light golf jacket with a thin sleeveless sweater beneath. Score 98. Flocks of robins all over the fairways. Movies tonight — "The Merry Widow" — my favorite musical comedy, in color, splendid.

Old Queen Mary died late this afternoon after a brief illness. A remarkable woman, the embodiment of royal dignity & courage in a lifetime of many disappointments & calamities.

The news photographers will miss her tall stately figure & her imposing turban hats, which moved modern young women to laughter but nevertheless looked exactly right on her.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 25/53

Pouring rain — the usual sequel when I've washed my car. Letter from Salmen suggesting "The Tide Races" as the title for my book, which he says is "the result of eight people pondering together Friday morning." It seems to me inane.

Also Little Brown sent two copies of the contract for the book, one to be signed & returned. It stipulates the same advance payment (\$3500) as for the Nymph & The Lamp, and allows 10% royalty on the first 5,000 copies, 15% on all thereafter. (For the Nymph it was 10% on the first 10,000 & 15% thereafter.)

Little Brown undertake to handle movie & television rights, retaining 10% of the proceeds for their fee.

FRIDAY, MAR. 27/53 Flood of rain continued all day & night - my back lawn a lake. Wrote Salmen saying I dislike "The Side Races", that I still prefer "Sidefall", but offering some other suggestions. Douglas Bullock, (Maritime salesman for McCalland & Stewart) called today with Howard Bendelir, says the advance sale of my new novel is 1500 copies in his territory.

SUNDAY, MAR. 29/53 Still wet. The same dull round - church, meals, visit to Milton, reading - no life, no life at all. Lonely. Even my kids are absorbed in each other & their mother - rarely address me unless I speak first, & then usually to ask for money or the car or something else they want. E. was always utterly indulgent & I had to be the family disciplinarian from the first. One isn't loved for that, even though I've tried not to be parsh. Useless to worry about that now, I suppose. They're grown up & the mould is set. Must find new interests & companionship for myself or let my mind rot altogether.

MONDAY, MAR. 30/53 Still raining - the sixth wet day on end. Letter from Doubleday urging me to do the history volume & raising the offer to an advance of \$6,000 and a straight 15% royalty on U.S. sales. Replied, air mail, with a polite No. (Note: Joseph Rutledge in 1954 undertook this job with Costain's blessing.)

WEDNESDAY, APR. 1, 1953

A sunny day, after seven straight days of rain. Lovely walk to Milton & back, & then raked the lawns & cleared away rubbish. About 4 months ago the water in the Mersy storage dam at Indian Gardens was so low that the Power Commission was alarmed, & we were urged by newspaper ads. to cut down our electric consumption. It has been raining at short intervals ever since. Through the past winter we had an average snow-fall (except on the coast here) & every snow was promptly swept off in a flood of rain. The Power Commission has been holding at Indian Gardens (N^o 1 Dam) every surplus drop; but after the past week's flood they have become alarmed, & today they opened gates at N^o 1. Thus the river is in flood, a roaring spectacle such as we saw a year or two ago when the new Deep Brook dam broke.

SATURDAY, APR. 4/53

Another fine day (it was wet on the 2nd & 3rd) & I played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon.

During the past dreary week or more I have re-read all of Shakespeare's plays except Cymbeline & King Henry the Eighthth etc. Le Blanc, the man whose Hudson car young Tom damaged March 11th., has sent me the bill for repairs, \$33.76. Even a slight bump comes high nowadays. Little, Brown & Co. have asked for another copy of the MS of "Tidefall". Sent it off by registered mail today, also sent signed copy of the contract for the book.

Since the death of Stalin & the accession of Georgy Malenkov, the voice of Russia has become suddenly benign, on all fronts, & persecution of Jews in Russia has ~~ceased~~ ceased as suddenly as it began. The world is wondering at this change of face. Is it possible that a broader mind is now in charge at the Kremlin? Or does Malenkov see that Stalin's tough & boorish policy abroad has driven the rest of the world into arms when the clever thing would have been to lull them?

EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1963

Fine warm day. Great crowd at church this morning. Golf this afternoon. Frances came along with an Acadia student, Bill Parker, who is spending the Easter vacation here. A tea party this evening for the young folk - Parker, Paul Chandler, Tommy, Frances, Lynn Seldon, Joan Wickwire.

MONDAY, APR. 6/63

Wet again. This afternoon I drove to Port Joli, taking Paul, Tommy, Bill Parker & Hugh Ryane, who are spending a day or two at the camp there.

News: The Chinese have volunteered to resume peace talks in Korea. The talks so far are limited to the old thorny matter of the exchange of prisoners, on which the negotiations broke down last October. Obviously the Chinese are prompted by Moscow now as from the first. The sudden thaw in the communist "cold war" has set the world wondering, & amongst other results there has been a sharp drop on the New York stock exchange, chiefly in armament & kindred stocks. President Eisenhower has issued a statement (apparently to reassure Wall Street) that the U.S. armament program will be carried out even if peace is made in Korea.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 8/53

Overcast & cool. This afternoon E. & I went with the Hubert Macdonalds to see a display of pottery made by pupils of old Mrs. Hagan at Mahone. (Her daughter Beatrice has been studying there for the past year.) The classes are conducted in the huge basement of the Hagan house, where there are tubs & sieves for firing the clay (which comes from Lantz siding), two potter's wheels (one electric, the other an old-fashioned foot-tread "kick-bar" type), an electric polishing & abrasive wheel, 2 electric & 1 oil fired kilns. The pupil group is small, mostly

adult women, & the classes are partly financed by a grant from the provincial govt. The Hagans are a pair of small, grey, bright-eyed people in the eighties - an amazing pair. Hagan was formerly a cable engineer with the Halifax-Bermuda cable co. & other similar companies. He knew most of the officers in "MacKay-Bennet" in my time, & he says he remembers lunching on board in Hfx one day in 1920 when I was present. He is very precisely dressed, wears amongst other things exotic in fashion (a) white spats (b) an old-fashioned gates-ajar starched collar (c) a blue beret. Mrs. Hagan, a small bundle of energy & wit, with a snub-nosed Irish face & twinkling grey eyes, showed us her own stuff. The paintings, mostly in oils, & the walls of every room in the big house were covered with framed canvases, signed & dated in all the years from 1900-1953, & painted in Bermuda, Jamaica, various places in France especially Mentone, & in St. Pierre et Miquelon & other places in Newfoundland & Nova Scotia where Hagan's cable work had taken her. The painting was that of an enthusiastic amateur of some talent, but clearly her chief bent was for pottery. There were shelves of it all over the place from cellar to garret - even stuck in the interstices of the concrete verandah railing outdoors - & some of it, especially a room full of lustre ware - was simply beautiful. Home about 7. The Mac's had dinner with us & spent the evening.

~~SATURDAY, APR. 11/53~~ ~~Rain~~

FRIDAY, APR. 10/53

Went to Hfx today to attend meeting of the (N.S.) Historic Sites & Monuments Council in Province House. G. came with me. Left L'pool at 7 a.m. G. left me at Simpson's for a day's shopping tour, & I parked my car there & went on into the city by trolley-car. Meeting opened at 10 a.m. Bird in the chair, Dr. Longley, D.C. Harvey,

Bruce Fergusson, Professor Belliveau & myself. A long list of things for consideration, mostly (as usual) demands by local groups in various parts of the province, wanting everything from a bronze plaque to a memorial park. One (backed by Cape Breton M.P.'s & the Hon. Harold Connolly) demanded a memorial (including a small public park) at Aspy Bay to mark Cabot's landing there.

No proof exists that Cabot landed there; but a lady who runs a tourist hotel near the spot (& is an intimate friend of the Hon. Harold C.) had convinced all the politicians that he did. We turned thumbs down. So it goes. I had lunch at Admiralty House at the invitation of Lieut.-Col. John Paul Jordan, the young French-Canadian who published a first novel (*The Youngest Ones*) last year dealing with the problem of French-English relations in Canada. I have not read the book but I got a copy at Bondellier's store & had Jordan autograph it. He is a bouncing, small, cheerful man, a bachelor of about 30 or 35, speaks English volubly & well but with a pronounced French accent. His attitude towards the R.C. Church in Quebec, the matter of Conscription, etc., have not made him popular amongst his own people, & he tells me he now attends Anglican church services in Hqs, where he is stationed. Several officers came up & were introduced including Capt. Foxe-Harris, & I had brief chats with Cdr. Frederick Watts and with Marion-Louise Madden, who is a nurse at the Naval Hospital. New officers' quarters are being built & everyone wonders what will be done with "Ad House." The tremendous new concrete abutments of the harbor bridge are very much in evidence on the Admiralty grounds next to North Street, & I'm told things are even further advanced at the Dartmouth end. In the afternoon

I rejoined the Historic Sites Board, & we got through our business about 4:30 p.m. I rejoined Edith at Simpson's, & we drove in the car to Jollimore & had tea & a good long chat with Mum & Hilda & her husband. Home about 10:30 p.m.

Letter from the Hon. Secretary, The Royal Society of Canada, saying that I have been elected a Fellow of R.S.C. by ballot, and that the Society "anticipates" my attendance at the next meeting (to be held in London, Ont. June 1st - 3rd) "when your election is confirmed." (See entries ~~1953~~ Feb. 6/53, Feb. 15/53) There is an initiation fee of \$10 and the annual subscription is \$15.

SATURDAY - SUNDAY APL. 11 & 12/53 Spent these days at Eagle Lake with Parker, Smith & Dunlap. Water in the lake now very high. Plenty of exercise with ax and saw.

Sunday evening E. & I were guests at a dinner party of the Rolf Seabornes, Fort Point.

MONDAY, APL. 13/53

Mersey Paper Co's new steamer "Markland" arrived from the builders' yard at Dumbarton, Scotland, at exactly 10 a.m., brought across by Capt. Charlie Williams & his crew, whose old ship (the original Markland, built in 1928, & now re-named "Liverpool Rover") will remain in Mersey ownership but chartered to Bowaters' mills, Nfld. The new ship is ^{72 43} {6030 tons gross} ^{no deadweight} (the old one was about 4300 ^{gross}) and is fitted with every modern device for comfort & safety. Air conditioning in all cabins. Every officer has a private bath. Fine lounge. Sean showed me his radio outfit (I was invited to be one of the reception party) - all utterly changed from my day. Pouring rain rather dampened the reception, which included the Mersey brass band tootling away - everything from Colonel Bogey to The Maple Leaf Forever.

TUESDAY, APR. 14, 1953

Rain again. Letter from Rawding saying that the govt. had asked Mrs. George Watson (of Stourbridge, Mass.) to come here & inspect the Perkins House & draw up a list of furniture etc. required. This is exactly what I have been urging the govt. to do ever since I visited Stourbridge in '49. The reason for this sudden energy was plain tonight. Premier Macdonald announced that a provincial election will be held May 26th., which explains the spate of public works projects recently announced. (e.g. The final power development on the Mersey River - at Lower Great Brook - is to begin this summer.) The completion of road-paving between the 12-mile & Caldonia is now underway. A rural high school for Caldonia, etc.) This sort of thing in every constituency.

Sent off a carbon copy of the "Lidfall" typescript to McBllland & Stewart. Letter from Salmon saying that after much consideration of alternative titles, Little-Brown had decided that my own was best. So that's that. Sent off my income tax return for 1952, together with my cheque for the tax, \$1159.32.

THURSDAY, APR. 16/53 A fine day at last. Golf this p.m. score 108. E came along & picked mayflowers. Attended a meeting of the library association tonight in town hall, & was elected president for the new term. Letter from Harry Nysart, dean of men at King's College, asking me to speak at the annual Haliburton Dinner, May 5th. Replied Yes.

FRIDAY, APR. 17/53 Blustering gale & rain all day & night, with temp. dropping close to freezing in the night. Secretary of Royal Society has sent two fat volumes - last year's annual proceedings, from which I note amongst other things that the membership at present includes only 10 men living

in Nova Scotia, all members of university faculties. My fellow Nova Scotians in Section 2 of the RSC ("Literature, History, Archaeology, Sociology, etc.") are S. C. Harvey, Watson Kirkconnell, H. L. Stewart & G. E. Wilson. Kirkconnell is head of Acadia University, the others lecture at Dal., & as it happens, not one of us was born in Nova Scotia.

British Columbia Telephone Co., in which I bought 120 shares two years ago, ~~had~~ has sent me a warrant enabling me to purchase 40 more shares @ \$29. The market price is ~~33~~ 33.

News: The thaw in the cold war continues. The North Koreans & Chinese have agreed at last to an exchange of sick & wounded prisoners. The Western press is curious & skeptical about Moscow's sudden swerve towards peace on all fronts. Best summary is in "Time" this week - "The men in the Kremlin do not want anyone rocking the boat until the scuffle in the wheelhouse is over." (My weight, stripped, is 188 lb.)

Monday, April 20/53 Another gale yesterday & today. Lobster pots all around western N.S. have been destroyed in the past week. British Columbia Telephone Co. (in which I have 120 ordinary shares) has issued warrants to shareholders enabling them to buy 1 new share @ \$29 for every 3 shares held. I sent off my cheque for 40 new shares by registered mail today. (The current market price of B.C. Tel. is 33).

Max Harding has a shipment of Harris tweeds & today I bought a jacket, price \$40. Also ordered a pair of English grey flannels, price \$21.50.

Today in Korea the communists returned the first 100 sick & wounded U.N. prisoners & received 500 sick & wounded North Koreans in return. The U.N. wounded included 1 Canadian, who gave the names of 14 other Canadians held prisoner & previously reported "missing, believed killed."

1. TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1953

1. Cold & windy. Lusby, Rawding & Mrs. George Watson arrived late this afternoon. At 5 p.m. I attended a dinner party given on board T.S.S. Markland by the president & board of directors, Worcester Paper Co. to various town officials & men from Hfx. Chatted with Bob Nelson of Hfx. Shipyards, & Schuler his right-hand man. Hfx. Shipyards made an unsuccessful bid for building this a ship, & Schuler said to me, "Of course we can't compete with yards in Britain. Our average wage is \$65 per a week - the highest in eastern Canada. The average wage in a Clyde shipyard is \$25 per week." I left the party at 7 in order to attend a meeting of the Historical Society at 8 p.m. in the auditorium on the second floor of the Fire Hall. Mrs. Watson gave a very interesting lecture on Sturbridge Village, illustrated with movies & lantern slides showing the various houses of the village & articles of period furniture. Rawding was there, keeping in the background & murmuring that we couldn't expect any large sum to be spent on furnishings for the Perkins house this year. I had engaged rooms at the hotel for Lusby & Mrs. Watson & I left them there at 11 p.m.

2. WEDNESDAY, APR. 22/53 Cold & overcast. Spent the morning with Randy Day, Lusby & Mrs. Watson in the Perkins house - which was like an ice-cave. She was delighted with the house & took careful notes of what was required for the various rooms, inspected the bits of furniture, & chinaware we had, etc. Standing empty & unheated since '49 the careful renovation job has suffered much damage from dampness, ceilings flaking, paint flistering, woodwork swollen & warping, etc. Lusby talks of heating the house by the new "electrified glass" method, but

says it would cost \$400 a year because our electricity rate is one of the highest in the province. This is absurd, our rate is one of the lowest; but his remark reveals once more how little his department has considered the operation of the Perkins house. Lusby & Mrs Watson had lunch with us & left at 3:30 for Hfx. Lusby is to provide blueprints showing the floor plan of both floors & she has promised a complete report setting forth the furniture & bric-a-brac required for furnishing the whole house, room by room. This will give us a clear & definite plan to work from, although it is clear that the present government intends to do little or nothing at the present time.

This evening C. & I went with the Parkers & Don Macdonalds to another party aboard the "Markland". About 40 people there, plenty of good food & drink. She sails on Friday for New York, Philadelphia & Richmond with a full load of paper and a heavy schedule of entertainment of this kind for newspaper people in those cities. I feel sorry for the steward & cooks, & for Captain Charlie & others who must go through this punishing round, but I suppose it is necessary for business. Parker says the cost of building the ship will run to about \$1,750,000. The first "Markland", built in England in 1928, cost \$450,000. Dennis's, the firm who built the new ship, say they just about broke even on the contract, and that a similar ship built in 1953-54 would cost at least \$2,200,000 - such is the process of inflation in our queer post-war world. Last fall I agreed to act as chairman of a committee of three (the others being Bob Rankin, editor the Hfx Chronicle-Herald, & Bruce Fergusson, assistant provincial archivist) to decide the winners of the Dennis prizes, annually awarded to students at Dalhousie

in the rum-running fleet 1920-1931 (he was known here & in Ottawa as "Admiral Bill"), & by bold & unceasing political graft, he had accumulated a large fortune. He was personally popular & a stout Presbyterian churchman, but his whole life was a disgrace to Nova Scotian politics. He belonged in the 19th century. I first heard of him in 1917 during War One, when he opposed conscription & was charged with attempts to bribe military police enforcing it in Lunenburg. In that year he was elected M.P. for Lunenburg & with the exception of one year he continued as a Nova Scotia M.P. at Ottawa until 1936, when he was appointed to the senate. At Ottawa he never ceased to use his influence to line his pocket. In 1926 when W. G. Ernst, Bridgewater lawyer, defeated Duff in Lunenburg-Queens, Duff was deeply involved in the rum-running trade, smuggling booze not only into the U.S. but into the Maritime Provinces. Ernst showed me copies of telegrams & letters proving that Duff had used his strong power at Ottawa to free one of his schooners caught rum-running in P. E. I. I asked Ernst why he didn't use this material & he grinned in his boyish way & said "I can beat him without throwing mud." So he did. In 1929 & 1930 when Mersay Paper Co. wanted the govt. to dredge Brooklyn Cove, they had to arrange it through Duff, paying him \$8,000 through Byrne, Liverpool lawyer, in 3 separate sums. (See diary entries June 25, 1929 and Dec. 2/29 and March 1/30.) Then it was found that the dredging was to be done by a small decrepit dredge called "Beacon Bar", in which Duff was the silent partner, owning half. At the rate paid by Ottawa this dredge made a profit of \$500 per day until finally Mersay protested its inefficient work & the govt. put on another contractor's dredge. (See diary Sep. 3, 1929).

In 1937 & '38, when the notorious Captain Wallace Ogilvie

bought 2 ships of the Canadian Govt. Merchant Marine at a ridiculous price & promptly sold them abroad at a big profit, the deal was questioned in the House of Commons when the story became known. It was revealed that Senator Duff had used his influence to procure the ships for Ogilvie & that they had split the profit; but as always Duff managed to have the matter hushed up. Duff's ambition as M.P. was to become Minister of Fisheries, but Mackenzie King drew the line at taking such a pirate into the cabinet. Finally King got him out of the Commons altogether, for he detested the man.

At Mowbray Jones' house tonight Donald Smith M.P. told me the following: - One day in 1936 as the Commons opened its daily session King announced "I spy a stranger in the house," and he walked down & handed Duff an appointment to the senate dated the previous day. Duff was flabbergasted, but he took it & removed to the senate.

In appearance Duff was a big ~~man~~, florid ^{man} with a handlebar moustache, & hair brushed up in an old-fashioned cowlick. He was always imposingly dressed, usually in a frock coat (with a carnation in the buttonhole) white vest, gates-eyes collar, large cravat, spats etc. He had a booming voice & his political oratory was of the hell-fire & sulphur sort, his favorite reply to political attacks being, "It's all a lot of Tory guff and nonsense."

MONDAY, APR. 27/53 Like yesterday (& almost every day for the past fortnight) wet & dismal. Bantam Books have sent 6 copies of this (soft-back) edition of "Roger Huddon", just out. The cover picture is actually decent, & curiously enough Doubleday & Co, who made the deal with Bantam, apologised to me for it, perhaps on principle. Bantam is to pay \$4000 for the use of my novel, of which Doubleday takes half. The Halifax newspapers are full of eulogies for the late William Duff, not a word about the scamp behind the "bluff hearty manner" they talk so much about. Col. Guimond has sent me a

copy of "L'Amicale du 22^e ans." containing a very kind editorial reference to "West Nova", which I presented to the Citadel Library, Quebec.

TUESDAY, APRIL 28/53 Open & shut sky today but dry underfoot, thank God, & I had a good walk to Milton & back & then mowed the lawn for the first time this year. Cablegram from "Vicfilms London" asking if film rights in *The Nymph* & *The Lamp* are available, and preparing a reply. I cabled back that film rights are available through Little Brown Company, Boston.

My weight stripped, now 183, down 5 lbs in 10 days.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 29/53 Overcast, windy, cold. Played 18 holes of golf in 104, moving slowly about the course in a foursome, & shivering. Alex Mowat, Secretary of Senate, Dalhousie University, has sent me the reports of my fellow members on the Dennis Prizes committee.

THURSDAY, APR. 30/53 Again a dark & windy day. Golf, 99. McClelland & Stewart have sent the contract for "Lidell" for my signature. Terms the same as for "The Nymph". Major J. S. Deefe, 2nd-in-command West N.S. Regiment, has sent me an order for 100 copies of my history at a price of \$4, says he will arrange transportation to Aldershot by army truck. Louis Ottenberg has sent me a well-preserved copy of Hannay's "History of Acadia", bound in half leather, which he picked up in a second-hand bookshop in Washington.

Ken Jones had a full-page ad. in today's "Advance", the opening gun in his campaign against Rawding. The tone was a bit flippancy for the taste of the average farmer & woodsmen, in my opinion; but it pointed out Ken's war record & the fact that he lives & makes his living here. (Rawding has lived in N.S. for years.) It looks like a lively fight.

FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1953

Played 9 holes this afternoon & then rain fell heavily so I quit. Phoned D. C. Harvey at Hfx to enquire re Royal Society's arrangements for accommodation at U. of Western Ontario. He will send me a complete schedule by mail. Asked Maurice Russell to book air passage for me direct to London from Hfx. on May 30th.

Royalty cheque from McClelland & Stewart for the 6 months ending Jan. 31/53 reveals that "Sambour" is out of print. All my other books still sell in small but regular quantities in Canada.

SATURDAY, MAY 2/53

A clear sunny day - the first since the brief interval on April 16th - but a cold sea wind made golf a hit-&-run affair.

SUNDAY, MAY 3/53

Again a clear sky but cold. The school cadet corps paraded to morning service at the United Church this morning headed by the band, a good smart lot. The church packed with the boys & their people. Golf this afternoon with the Don Macdonalds, a slow & cold business & we quit after 9 holes. Drove to Moose Harbor to see how my shack had come through the winter. Everything o.k. & I took the shutters off & we sat inside for half an hour admiring the surf through the big plate window. Forty years ago today my family left England for Canada in the old Allan liner "Carthaginian", bound to Halifax via St. John's Nfld.

TUESDAY, MAY 5/53

Fine & warm. Drove to Hfx this afternoon to attend the Haliburton dinner at King's College. Called on Harvey at the Archives for a chat. ~~Harry~~ Harry ("Father") Dewart, dean of men at King's, who had invited me to respond to the toast to Haliburton, offered to put me up at the college & I was glad to accept.

as I have no pied-à-terre in the city now. A comfortable room, with bathroom adjoining, the usual habitat of a student named Bill Hill, now away. Plain iron bed, worn wooden study table, a large & brightly upholstered easy chair which I believe Dyson had taken from his own apartment just across the hall. At 6.30 we went to the dining room in the main college building, where I found what is now the usual Haliburton gathering — a number of Anglican clergymen, mostly elderly or in middle-aged, a number of lay Kingmen, mostly elderly or middle-aged, a sprinkling of ^{young} undergraduates and recent graduates. Will Bird, who is a Fellow of the Club like myself, was there in tuxedo & black tie. Indeed (as usual) what with the black suits or cassocks of the clergy (one merry dean even wore his black gaiters) and the dress clothes of Bird & half a dozen others, I found myself the only person at the head table wearing ordinary garb. I was placed at the left of the Lord Bishop, Watman, a giant standing well of over 6' 3" & built in proportion. He has a friendly smile & lively dark eyes, served as a gunner in the Canadian artillery in War One, has an easygoing manner & speaks without the slightest trace of that pseudo-English - cum sawdust - cum bee-drone accent which still seems to be cultivated by certain Anglican clergy in this country. He kept me in conversation & I had little chance to talk to Dr. Walker, president of King's, who was on my left. A tremendous meal (especially for one like me who has been on a semi-starvation diet) — lobster cocktail, cream of celery soup, a huge & tender T-bone steak with potato, beans & salad, apple pie & ice cream.

coffee, cheese. We adjourned to the Haliburton Room upstairs for the toasts, which were drunk in ginger ale. A young graduate named Jack Fleener (now on the Nfx Chronicle-Herald staff) responded to the toast to Kings, I responded to Haliburton. Arthur Roberts gave a Shakespearean recitation (he is now on the Kings staff, teaching "diction & voice control", whatever that is. A windy man & a bit of a fraud I think). A Father Lynch, of St. Mary's University, gave a good talk on the Massey Report. The current president, a young curate named _____, reviewed the club's activities for the year, & said bluntly that the modern undergraduate has little or no interest in a literary club of any sort, & he was afraid the time had come when the Haliburton must change its scope to some extent or perish.

Looking about the room I could see a total gathering of about 35 men, of whom not more than 6 or 8 were undergraduates, plain proof of his point. He did not elaborate it. We joined hands & sang Auld Lang Syne, & that was that.

I peeped into the room to be used for dancing at tomorrow's Encenia Ball, a number of students, male & female, busily painting a huge ~~process~~^{processional} around the walls representing the Coronation procession, Westminster Abbey & so on — a first-rate job.

Back to Dysart's apartment where two (was veteran) graduates, Muggah & Fleener, a divinity student (Lloyd Gesner), & the curate-president of Haliburton, foregathered over mild whiskies & chatted till midnight. Best yarn was Fleener's "inside story" of the famous sabotage incident at Greenwood airfield a few months ago. The RCAF were alarmed to find the air-intakes of

several planes stuffed with rags & articles of old clothing. Communists were suspected & eventually the RCMP sent down a crack detective crew to work on the case. Amongst the "communist" stuffing they found a pair of silk ladies' panties bearing a laundry mark. With much pains the mark was traced, & it led straight to a girl in the W.R.N.S. detachment at Cornwallis, at the other end of the Valley. Asked to explain, under severe examination, the girl broke down & confessed that the garment had been taken from her by her lover, a seaman at Cornwallis with a wife & two children. The seaman then confessed in private to the police, that he had carried the panties about with him for sentimental reasons; that on a certain day he & a few other ratings at Cornwallis, just to play a joke on the "air blokes" at Greenwood, had crept inside the airfield enclosure & stuffed the plane intakes — "just to show up the poor security measures there." At this point the naval & air commanders decided wisely (& with somewhat red faces I should say) to call off the police & drop the whole thing. Herriot, following up the case for his newspaper, was bluntly told by the RCMP that "the case is closed & there is nothing to say." No doubt the sentimental sailor felt that he had parted with his keepsake in a good cause.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6/53

Fine & warm. I awoke in my room in Middle Bay to the twitter of starlings, & later found that I had parked my car for the night beneath a tree full of them. I had washed the car especially for the trip to Hfx. Rose, shaved & dressed. Breakfast, the college diningroom at 8 a.m. Men & women eat at the same time but at separate tables. Chat with a charming old

gentleman in spectacles, a small goat-beard, & a cassock, Father Cotton, a native of P. E. I. and a graduate of King's, who has spent most of his life teaching negro boys in a church school at Johannesburg, is now retired & living in the old rectory at Liscombe.

Thanked Dyzart for his hospitality & drove around the Arm to Jollimore for a chat with Mum before going on. Stopped in Simpson's to buy a few fishing flies.

Driving over the long ridge at East River, a plump partridge darted in front of my car & was struck & killed. I stopped & put it in the car - a shame to waste it.

Home at 1 p.m.

In the evening Eric Tillingham, who now commands the W.N.S.R. company at Bridgewater, sent a smart new army panel-truck to pick up the 100 copies of my history, for transport to Aldershot.

I packed them carefully in 4 cartons, 25 copies to a carton, & cautioned the soldiers to handle them with care.

Tonight Austin Parker & Hector Dunlap dropped in to plan a fishing trip to the upper reaches of Broad River via Eagle & Long Lakes.

THURSDAY, MAY 7/53

Fine & warm. Drove to Moose Harbor this morning & bought 15 lbs of fresh lobsters from Maurice Fraelic for \$6.00. Golf this afternoon with C.

"Hubbie" Whynot brought me a good truck-load of loam for \$5, Dave Inness sent up 25 lbs. chemical fertilizer (to add to the 25 lbs. I have) and a 100-lb. bag of crushed limestone. Tommy has undertaken to screen the loam, mix it with the limestone etc., & spread it over the lawn. This evening I took off & stowed overhead in the garage all the upstairs storm windows & all those downstairs, except those facing east, which I leave on until the May sea winds & rains are past. Took off the kitchen storm windows & put on the screen.

FRIAY, MAY 8, 1953

Parker, Dunlap, Smith & I set off on our expedition to the head of Broad River. Left home right after lunch & drove in my car to Big Falls. Carried our stuff over the dam & loaded it into the punt. Punt leaked badly but with one man baling continuously, we got up the mile of pond to Eagle Lake brook alright, & carried our stuff up the mile of trail to Eagle Lake camp. There we took out the two canoes & prepared to set off through the lakes, but the weather, which had been ominous, now turned to a heavy & continuous downpour of rain, so we had to stop all night there, losing much valuable time.

The country between Long Lake & the lake at the head of Broad River is very rough woodland lying in ridges in a wilderness of swamps. P. had been studying the air photographs & said there was a ridge of dry land running due west from the NW bay of Long Lake which we should be able to cross afoot without trouble even with our loads, & the distance was only 5 miles at most. P. & S. had rigged straps on their sleeping bags so that they could be carried slung up- & -down their backs, leaving nothing to catch in the bushes. P. had a light nylon tent stowed in his sleeping bag. S. had a large haversack which contained his fishing tackle & his small & light American sleeping bag. S. offered to stow 4 tins of bully beef & a dozen potatoes in his sleeping bag. D. took a 2 lb tin of coffee & 2 lbs of ham in his haversack. These arrangements made no provision for carrying the bulkier stuff including 6 loaves of bread, a frying pan & 2 tin kettles, not to mention the rest of the grub, so I undertook to carry all this in a big pack-sack, together with my own fishing gear, extra sweater & jacket, a hatchet & a rubber ground-sheet. This meant that I had to carry my own sleeping bag (which is the heavy Arctic type) slung across my shoulders & resting on the pack-sack, where its two ends were bound to

catch in the branches & bushes all along the way. However there was no help for it. (Afterwards, when I got home, I weighed my load. Altogether I had carried between 50 & 60 lbs.)

Saturday, May 9/53 We were up at daylight, had breakfast, & set off at once, P. & D. ahead in the red canoe, S. & I in the green. The rain had ceased but the sky remained overcast & the air damp & oppressive. The woods were sodden. The spring floods had swept away both beaver dams in the brook between Eagle & Long lakes, & the brook was a deep torrent, so we had a clear but stiff upstream passage. Nevertheless at 8 a.m. we beached the canoes on the shore of the N.W. bay of Long Lake, put on our loads, & set off in single file through the woods, with P. as navigator in the lead. After 3 hours hard travel, up hill & down dale, & soaked by the wet bushes & our own sweat, we emerged upon a series of swamps & it was apparent that P.'s course had been wrong, & we had got into the tangle of bogs that drain towards Kempton Lake & West Brook. There was nothing for it but to shift course & keep on. At noon we halted by a stream at the edge of a bog & had dinner. This bog was long & wide, covered mostly by spongy hummocks & caribou moss, the worst sort of going; & when we reached the farther side we found our way barred by a strip of real muskig covered with bright green grass. We made several exhausting attempts to cross this, but the stuff sank deeply & it was obvious that if a man went through the thin mat of grass roots he would plunge out of sight in a moment. At last we had to trudge up the length of the bog to find a place to cross. By that time we were all tired & I with my heavy & awkward load had begun to stumble here & there. The rest was a nightmare, trudging through alternate woods & bogs, hour after hour. At 5 p.m. we came out upon the south end of Back Lake, and

it was 6.30 before we reached the stream running out of it & found some distance down the brook a place to set up the tent & spend the night. Including the regular rest periods at the end of each 15 minutes we had been 10½ hours on the journey & must have travelled at least 10 miles. I was utterly exhausted & S. was little better. P. put up the tent & we had supper. I recovered enough to cut brush & to make the bough beds. Fortunately there were few mosquitoes & the black-flies had quit for the day. I spent a restless night, too tired to sleep, actually.

SUNDAY, MAY 10/53 At breakfast P. announced that we would load up everything & fish our way down along this stream & then the river until we reached the tributary stream running in from Branch Lake. There we would strike off on another route for Long Lake, as he had to be home by tonight if possible or at latest by early Monday morning. We set off at once, pausing to fish at various spots. The ~~Back~~ Back Lake brook, & the Broad River itself, were deep & slowly moving black canals in the meadows, where the going was wet & spongy at every step. I fished with a fly, the others with worms, & nobody got so much as a single strike. Finally at the junction of the Back Lake stream with Broad River, P. caught a fine Trout that must have weighed 2 lbs. This enthused the others, who fished away long after we should have been on our way back to Long Lake. ^{He did not count} We had dinner on the shore of the Back Lake stream, which we then crossed on a log, & set off at 1 pm. through the woods towards Long Lake. The weather had cleared & the sun was burning hot. At the first halt I got out my old Laribault map of this country & pointed out to P. that the N.E. by E. course he was following would take

us to the south end of Long Lake, miles from the canoes. But he said civilly "Oh, Laribault's map is wrong." So we went on. There was one bad stretch of bog that we had to cross but otherwise the journey was all through woods. We were parched in the heat & were glad to stop at every chance spring & bog-hole for a drink of water. Nevertheless I felt much stronger than I had expected after yesterday's complete exhaustion & could even admire the new leaves breaking out on all the hardwood trees, & the host of small pale-blue butterflies that came & settled on us & on our packs, attracted perhaps by the salt of our sweat. We encountered many partridges but only one rabbit (a dead one), & although we came upon deer tracks & droppings everywhere we could not catch sight of one. Of moose there was no sign at all, & this in a region once thronged with them. Towards 7 p.m. we came to a long & wide bog right across our path. D. got up in a small tree on a knoll & saw the bog running on to the south-east for miles. P. thought we must have passed the north end of Long Lake, but there is no bog of that size about there. At last he admitted that it must be the long bog running S.E. from the foot of Long Lake, & that Laribault's map & my suggestion had been right. It was now getting on towards twilight, & we had a hot & breathless scramble along the ridge, & crossing a strip of very wet bog, before we emerged at the S.W. tip of Long Lake. It was now 9 p.m. & practically dark. I made a fire & we supped on the only food we had left - bread and tea & a chocolate bar apiece. I suggested camping right where we were; but P. would have none of it. He & S. dropped their packs & told D. & me to keep a big fire going. Off they went, using S's flashlight, to make their way along the shore to the canoes at the upper end of the lake, a distance of 2½ miles in a straight line & probably 3 or 4

around the numerous coves & points of the shore. The night was clear & cold after the heat of the day, & even by the fire D. & I could not keep the chill out of our sweat-soaked clothes, so we crawled into our sleeping ~~bags~~, leaving a good fire of big wood to light the spot for the voyagers.

Long Lake is very rocky & even when P. & S. reached the canoes they had a long & careful paddle down the west side of the lake. They arrived at 2 a.m. & P. confessed he was too tired to go on through the lakes in the dark, as he had insisted we must. He & S. crawled into their bags & we slept like dead men for 3 hours.

MONDAY, MAY 11/53 I awoke just before dawn & watched the sunrise, very beautiful across the lake, with one black peaked rock in the foreground. We arose soon after, packed our stuff, had a cup of tea each, & set off in the canoes. We grounded on several rocks & scraped others, & I couldn't help thinking what a mad business it would have been in the dark, with all of us too tired to swim more than a few strokes if a canoe upset.

The rest was pleasure — wonderful to be paddling along after those endless hours of burden — a fine run down the Long-Eagle brook, & even a fair wind to help us up Eagle Lake, ~~which~~ Reached Eagle Lake camp at 9 a.m. stowed the canoes inside, shouldered our packs again, down to the river, then a voyage down to N^o 3 dam in the punt, & the car & the road home. Found my family somewhat concerned about our failure to return last night. Scraped off my beard & had a fine hot bath. Weighed myself & found I had lost 2 lbs. When we planned this trip P. had said, "We ought to make one more fishing trip to Broad River Lake overland from Long Lake before we're too old." And as D. said afterwards,

"This sure was a trip to end all trips over there." I suppose we should feel pleased to think we were able to make it at all, with the loads we were carrying, & over such a route. S. is nearly 60, P. is 56, D. is 54 & I shall be 50 next November. What we used to do in the way of backwoods rambles twenty years ago is, alas, something we must put aside from here on.

TUESDAY, MAY 12/53

Slept like the dead last night, but everyone else in our neighborhood was awake - and peevish. When the Parkers left for Hfx yesterday afternoon they shut their dog "Hoppy" in the garage & asked Francie to go up & feed him. This she did, & feeling sorry for the dog in the stuffy confinement of the garage she left the door wedged ajar. The dog of course soon managed to push the door open & spent the rest of the night barking loudly all around the P. house. Hewland White, our irascible neighbor, finally got up at 5 am., phoned to the town policeman Halperd to complain of the disturbance, & then went over to the P. house, cornered the dog & whacked him with a stick.

This morning we had a call from Halperd, tracking down the cause of the disturbance. Cotith told him what had happened, & he laughed & went back to town hall.

I feel better today but have sharp stabs of lumbago, the result of our vigil on the shore of Long Lake in a sweat-soaked clothes, Sunday night. I wrote the Hotel London, reserving a room for the night of May 30th & May 31st - which giving me a day spare in case of planes delayed by weather; also wrote the committee in charge of the meetings of Canadian learned societies, reserving a room at University of Western Ontario for June 1, 2nd & 3rd; & asked Maurice Russell to reserve me a plane seat on a flight leaving London shortly after noon on June 3rd. Spent the afternoon

mowing the lawns. Tommy returned this afternoon from the music festival at Hfx, where the Liverpool Basket Band took the brass band event very easily—no other bands turned up. They found hotel accommodation scarce & had to spend the night in an ancient flea-trap down towards the railway station, called the Waverley Hotel, where they decided not to use the beds and passed the time in larking. Gibson, the school principal, was faced with a bill for damages to doors, jalousies, fire escapes, pillows etc, in the morning, but managed to talk the hotel manager out of it. The hotel's chief grievance was that one boy paraded the halls at 5 a.m. blowing Reveille on a trumpet. Apparently it was a bad night, both in L'pool and Hfx, for people really trying to sleep.

WEDNESDAY, May 13/53

Sunny but chilly. Went to Moose Harbor this afternoon & found that since I examined my cabin on the 3rd. it had been visited by some young vandals. They had pried off the rear window shutter without effecting entrance, & had then tried to pry off the (padlocked) door of the privy; the stick they had used for a lever remained stuck between the door & jamb. They had molested Macleod's cottage & stolen one of the old-fashioned iron kettles he had hung from a branch outside, & then pushed over the privy at Haines' cottage.

Macleod was there when I arrived, supervising the placing of several truckloads of gravel on our private road, which has been worn deep during the wet winter months by cars & trucks apparently using our secluded bit of shore for drinking parties. Macleod thinks we ought to put up a No Pres-

passing notice, but I feel it would be useless & we ought to erect a stout gate and padlock.

Letter from Burns Martin, professor of English at King's, regretting that a severe bout of asthma had kept him from the Haliburton dinner. He added, "My freshmen still lap up *The Wedding Gift* eagerly. A sad comment however on our Nova Scotian reading habits: over half of them have never heard of you before coming into the class. Still, at the end of the term they want to know the names of your other books."

Letter from George Foster. Says the new firm is doing well. Adds "It will be a proud day when we can publish our first Canadian novel under the imprint of Nelson, Foster & Scott."

The Korean truce talks have bogged down again, after the hopeful exchange of sick & wounded prisoners. Winston Churchill has made a speech strongly urging an attempt to get the heads of interested powers together for a solid peace settlement.

The Pope has made a similar announcement. But articles now being published in *Life* magazine by General Van Fleet, the able & aggressive former C/O of U.N. forces in Korea, reveal that there is a powerful school of American army thought which wants peace only through a complete military victory over the Chinese — the North Koreans have been decimated in almost 3 years of bloody warfare and have ceased to count, although the whole Red war effort in Korea is being waged in their name. Fleet talks exactly as MacArthur did, & it is plain that the early defeats of American forces by the despised Chinese are still rankling. Also the Americans have now built up a powerful & well equipped army in

the East, & have made a strong force out of the once-weak South Koreans, & they want to put it to the use for which it was intended - even at the risk of drawing Russia into the war.

FRI DAY, MAY 15/53

Wet. Suffering severely from lumbago caused by my long & chilly vigil on the shore of Long Lake in sweat-sodden clothes on Sunday night. In spite of it I forced myself to work all afternoon with shovel, rake & wheelbarrow, mixing loam, fertilizer & crushed limestone, & spreading it over the lawns.

The election campaign in Queens waxes daily. Jones is conducting a vigorous campaign, touring the county almost from door to door, with full-page ads. in each issue of the Liverpool Advance plus the two quarter-page ads inserted by the provincial H.Q. of the Progressive-conservatives, and campaign stickers for car windows & house windows, and campaign lapel buttons - something new in these parts. The somewhat flippant, somewhat boastful tone of his first big advertisement has subsided, but I think the damage was done to his cause right there. The key-note of Rawding's campaign is simply that Angus L's party is bound to win, & why elect an opposition member for Queens? This has force. Most observers concede that Liberals will lose 5 or 6 seats but will still have a good majority in the house. Meanwhile newspapermen predict the federal election will take place about August 15th.

SATURDAY, MAY 16/53

Fine & hot. Golf this afternoon with Parkes. Both played badly & found ourselves weary at the last few holes - we have not yet recovered from the severe physical punishment of last week-end.

SUNDAY, MAY 17/53

A temperance lecturer occupied the U.C.

pulpit this morning, so I didn't go. This afternoon I drove with E. to South Brookfield, thence to New Germany, & home via Bridgewater. The stretch of dirt road between 12-Mile & South Brookfield is prepared for paving, to be done this summer. We shall then have a paved road from L'pool to Kempt, halfway to Annapolis. (Dr '45 Angus L. in a speech here promised that the road to Annapolis would be entirely paved within 6 years.)

On the way home I noticed my oil gauge flickering uncertainly, & although the water gauge showed that the engine was not overheating I found on getting home that every drop of oil had gone from the crank-case. A garage job — probably an expensive one — and tomorrow a holiday!

MONDAY, May 18/53 Empire Day. — & pouring rain all day.
Letter from Major Reefe, WNSR, enclosing a cheque for \$400 drawn on the regimental fund account, in payment for the 102 copies of "West Novas" sent them on May 6th.
This leaves unsold: —

35	Copies stored at Connolly's bookshop, Nfx
100	" " Hilda's house
105	" " my house
240	

My weight is now 180 lb.

TUESDAY, May 19/53 Relieved to find at the Ford garage this morning that nothing serious was wrong with my car beyond the fact that it is now entering its fifth year, & that it had run 450 miles beyond the regular 1,000-mile oil change period. I had not noticed that the engine actually consumed much oil hitherto. Apparently now it does, especially after the oil has been used for 1,000 miles. Worked on the lawn this afternoon. The weather

cleared & was hot. Merrie tonight with E. & afterwards we called on Bob & Jean Mackinnon & chatted till 11.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20/53 Overcast & warm. Up at 6 a.m. & spent the morning & evening as usual mulling over ideas for the next book, & alternately (as a relief from thinking) reading (in this case Hesketh Pearson's "Lizzy", and the Times Literary Supplement.) Afternoon on the golf course with E., who picked a huge bunch of violets in the edge of the fairway as we went along.

The Hfx papers & provincial weeklies are studded with political advertisements filled with charges & counter-charges of the two chief parties, & the radio booms forth the same sort of thing, but there seems little interest amongst the voters so far. Premier Macdonald spoke in the new union hall at Chesley's corner here last Saturday night, & so few of the townsfolk bothered to walk over there that the Liberals had to send a car about the streets equipped with loudspeakers to drum up a crowd. ("Premier Macdonald is speaking at Union Hall, folks. Come on! Get over there!")

Macdonald's cabinet is one of the weakest in Nova Scotia history, but looking over the list of conservative candidates & their colorless leader Stanfield it is hard to see where they could find a better crew — even if they won the election, a possibility that seems remote.

THURSDAY, MAY 21/53 Overcast, cold east wind. Golf this afternoon, alone, score 100. Brigadier King held the annual inspection of the school cadet corps in the ball park this afternoon. Tommy & others in the graduating Grade 12 class were presented with "honorable discharge" certificates, & Tommy also

received a small silver RCAC. lapel pin for "best-uniformed cadet in the band." The 2nd pool corps itself won the South Shore cup, awarded by the army for ~~smarts~~ ~~efficiency~~ shooting - which is so much more important than "smarts" or even "efficiency."

FRIDAY, MAY 22/53

Received the Royal Society's agenda for the June conference at London. Note that 28 new members are elected for all Canada, and that Hugh Maclellan & I will be the only novelists included. In fact we will be the only novelists in the English-speaking section of the Society, & I note the name of Roger Lemelin in the French - admitted a Fellow in '49.

SUNDAY, MAY 24/53

Today a wild westerly gale blew off to sea the canopy of rain-clouds that has hung over us for many days. Strange to see a sky completely blue & sunshine that didn't just pop in & out of clouds. Church this morning. Merrill Rawdeng sat before me, & in a chat outside he assured me that the government would instruct Mrs. Watson (of Sturbridge Village) to purchase furniture for the Perkins house. He said also that the Dept. of Public Works would instal the new electric "glass panel" type of heating in the Perkins house, the panels to be used to keep the temperature of the house above freezing during the winter & to keep the interior air dry. They are to be of a removable type so that they can be stowed away during the tourist months of June, July, August & Sept.

Played 9 holes at White Point this afternoon & then gave up - the gale so violent that at times one could scarcely stand, especially on N^o 6 fairway. Drove to Moose Harbor & through the cabin's big window watched the offshore wind tearing at the sea.

MONDAY, MAY 25/53

Windy & cool. Addressed the Kiwanis luncheon at Mersey Hotel today, subject "Empire Day." Parr Wessman, chairman of the Building Committee for the proposed new library, reported to me that he has struck a snag. The situation is this. Under the will of the late Charles De Wolfe the sum of \$10,000 was bequeathed towards a town library building, provided that the town itself puts up ~~an equal sum~~ ^{whatever further sum was required.}. The bequest was made in the late 1930's, when \$10,000 would have built a small but entirely fireproof structure. The town would not hear of it then. The stock joke was that old Charlie, a miser, had characteristically tried to get a bargain even after death — a ~~\$20,000~~ ^{\$20,000} memorial for \$10,000. Now the time limit on the bequest is about to run out — & building costs have increased 200%. The committee under Wessman submitted a plan for a small fireproof building, & persuaded the town council to put up the necessary ~~sum~~ ^{balance}. Now the lowest bid on the building is \$13,000, & the town council refuse to put up another cent. Moreover they insist that our library group must find all the money for maintenance if the thing is built — something entirely beyond our small income. Mowbray Jones has hinted that Mersey Paper Co. might contribute \$1500 of the extra cost but the town must put up the rest. The trouble is that the town taxes have increased painfully in the last few years, & the town council are being assailed by all sorts of people (who pay taxes but don't read books) demanding that the whole library notion be dropped. They point out vociferously that only about 100 people use the library, "and

if they want a new building let 'em pay for it."
Wesman wants me to enlist the aid of Cecil Day, owner
of the Liverpool Advance, who could campaign strongly
for the library in his newspaper. But Day's is
one of the loudest voices denouncing the tax rates
and we can look for small sympathy there. However
I will talk to him.

Letter today from Hutchinson's enclosing cheque
on Lloyd's Bank, London, for £198/1/9, the net
returns for "The Nymph" & "The Lamp" in Britain
during the six months ending Dec. 31/52. This
included a broadcasting fee from the B.B.C. amounting
to £207, of which Hutchinsons took half; royalty
of 1½d. per copy on 12,718 cloth-bound copies taken by
the Universal Book Club (a Hutchinson subsidiary);
and the regular royalty of 1/3d. on bookshop sales of
only 247 copies. At the current sterling rate (£2.785)
this netted me the magnificent sum of \$551.66, proving
once more how publishers make money and how authors
don't. I suppose I should feel lucky that the British
Treasury has at last ceased to levy its 10/- in the £
tax on royalties going to Canada, which made the
force complete on my former books published there.

TUESDAY, MAY 26/53 Fine & warm. Election Day. Here
in Queens the conservative Ken Jones and Liberal Merrill
Rawding were both friends of ours. I have been disgruntled
over Rawding's failure to fulfill his promises about the
Perkins house & resolved to vote against him; but at the
last, comparing Angus L. with the cold manufacturer
Stanfield as premier of the province, I voted Liberal.
(So did Edith.) Golf this afternoon (97). Went to
the movies in the evening, & as we emerged we found
the Tories celebrating Jones' victory over Rawding by a

majority of nearly 400. Rawding & Jones spoke briefly from the Mersey Hotel steps, & I hear that Rawding said this closes his political career. Elsewhere in the province there was a strong swing towards the conservative candidates. Both Tories won in Lunenburg, where the veteran Speaker of the House, Romkey, always invincible, was defeated at last. My old West Nova Regt comrade (& sparring partner at Aldershot), George Boggs, won in Kings. The Liberals managed to get by with greatly reduced majorities in 22 seats, so they remain in power. The egregious Harold Connolly won a smashing victory in his old stronghold, Halifax North, & Angus L. had a comfortable majority in Halifax South. Connolly's graft in connection with the Nova Scotia liquor commission was the major scandal of the Liberal administration, & although it did not worry his constituents it undoubtedly had a strong effect in the province.

THURSDAY, May 28/53 Fine & cool. The galley proofs of "Tidefall" came from Little Brown in yesterday's mail and I worked last night until 3 a.m. checking them with my typescript. Up at 8 a.m. & at it again, and then a second checking all through which took me till 11 p.m. tonight. Should have written yesterday that I spent the morning & afternoon at Moose Harbor, mowing the grass before my cabin & cleaning up the grounds. Got 15 lbs. of lobsters (@ 40¢) from Maurice Fraelic, who was just coming in from his traps, and boiled them in sea water over the outdoor fireplace, absolutely the best way to cook them, and we found them delicious.

SATURDAY, MAY 30/53 Trip to London, Ont. where the annual general meeting of the Royal Society of Canada was being held at the University of Western Ontario. (Full description of this trip in separate typed sheets.) Tommy drove me to Hfs this morning & I left Dartmouth on a V.C.A. plane at 3 p.m. Arrived at Dorval airport (Montreal) in 3 hours. An hour's wait there for the next plane. Took off at 6 p.m., touched down at Ottawa, then Toronto, where the fine weather ended & rain was falling heavily. Flew through a spectacular thunder- & lightning storm all the way from Toronto to London. Reached the Hotel London at midnight, local time, & spent a sleepless night above the noisy street - precisely my experience here in '46.

SUNDAY, MAY 31/53 Hired a taxi this afternoon (at \$3 an hour) and drove about London seeing the sights. Evening at Cedric Passmore's house. Poor old Phoebe Cardus there.

MONDAY, JUNE 1/53 Moved out to the university (about 3 miles from the heart of the city) sleeping quarters allotted me in Spence Hall, dormitory for young women students. At the first general meeting this morning in Convocation Hall I was officially received into the Royal Society of Canada as a Fellow, awarded a diploma (entirely in Latin, which I am too ignorant to read) signed the register, & marched back to my seat in a little patter of polite applause. The rest of the morning & the afternoon I attended meetings of my section (Section Two, which includes literature, social sciences, etc) at which various learned papers were read & discussed. Presidential address in Convocation Hall tonight.

TUESDAY, JUNE 2/53 Again papers, morning & afternoon. Some interesting, some dull. Reception at the Hunt Club. Movies tonight in London with Fulton Anderson & others.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3/53 Mailed the galleys of *Goldfall* to Mclelland & Stewart, who are to submit them to Maclean's Magazine for perusal. Said goodbye to various friends, new & old, amongst the Fellows, caught a plane out of London at 1 p.m. Landed down at Toronto & Ottawa. Arrived Montreal 4 p.m. Two hour wait there for next plane. Arrived Dartmouth 11 p.m., Nova Scotian hotel at midnight.

THURSDAY, JUNE 4/53 Home by H. & S. W. this morning. Found my family well & happy. Total cost of my trip was \$190, of which I understand the Society will refund about \$40, the cost of a single one-way rail fare.

FRIDAY, JUNE 5/53 Golf this afternoon with E.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6/53 Burning hot day - the first of this summer, & breaking at last the long spell of cold easterly weather. Typing all morning and evening. Golf with Hector Dunlop this afternoon.

SUNDAY, JUNE 7/53 Fine & then showers. Church this morning. Milton to see Aunt Marie this afternoon. Dinner tonight at Sheldon's in honor of the Oliver Gibsons. Gibson is leaving his post as principal of the Liverpool schools to take further studies at Harvard. New principal is Douglas Lozer, who has been teaching at Bridgewater since the war.

MONDAY, JUNE 8/53 Fine. Golf this afternoon with E. Brooke 90 for the first time this year - a bare 89. Baseball game this evening, the first of the season, Liverpool playing Truro, Mayor Wright pitching the first ball, cadet band in attendance, big crowd in the new grand stand & bleachers - including E. & me. As usual since 1949 both teams actually consist of paid American players from college teams across the border. One Liverpool boy, Mac Bowers, on the home team. Liverpool 5-2.

TUESDAY, JUNE 9/53

My 26th wedding anniversary. Presented E. with a bouquet from the Milton nursery. This morning I called on Cecil Day, owner & editor of the Liverpool Advance, hoping to enlist his support for the new town library. Found him actively hostile. His assessment was raised sharply under the recent new taxation system & he is still frothing at the mouth, threatening to remove his printing plant to Sandy Cove, etc.; so that any new expenditure by the town he regards as a direct finger in his pocket. A greedy self-centred man, he has a fine modern plant & office, with an adjoining stationery shop, & a large modern flat over the plant. He has a \$20,000 modern house on Court Street and a luxurious cottage at Hunts Point that must have cost at least \$6,000. All in all he has properties worth at least \$100,000, all acquired since 1930, when he came here from Pictou with a few hundred dollars & bought a controlling interest in the then moribund Advance Printing Co. The recent change from a low assessment to a high one he regards as a direct affront, & as for the proposed new library his attitude is "if the Library Association want a new building let 'em raise every cent for it" - despite the fact that his own children use the library.

The facts are these: The De Wolfe bequest of \$10,000 for a new library building was made to the town itself, not our Association. The contractors want \$14,000 for the building proposed. The Mersy Paper Co. is ready to donate \$1,000. The town therefore must pay the odd \$3,000 to get the library built. Our Association is prepared to operate the library, providing all furniture, books, librarian & janitor services, & giving up our present annual grant of \$100 from the

PUBLIC MEETING

OF THE RATEPAYERS OF THE Town of Liverpool

Notice is hereby given pursuant to a resolution passed by the Town Council of the Town of Liverpool that a public meeting of the ratepayers of the said Town is convened, called and summoned for

THURSDAY

the eighteenth day of June A. D. 1953
at 7.30 o'clock in the afternoon at the
Fire Hall Auditorium

in the said Town, to which meeting there will be submitted a resolution in the form following, that is to say:

RESOLVED that this public meeting of the ratepayers of the Town of Liverpool hereby approves of the erection by the Town of the proposed DeWolfe Memorial Library on Gorham St., at an estimated cost of Fourteen Thousand Dollars (\$14,000) of which amount Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000) has been provided by the legacy of the late Charles E. B. DeWolfe.

Dated at the Town of Liverpool this 5th day of June,
A. D., 1953.

R. E. McCLEARN

Town Clerk

town (also the present room in Town Hall, reckoned as worth \$60 a year according to the town clerk) — all this if the town will undertake to supply heat, light, water, insurance & maintenance of the structure itself.

The town's annual costs should be well covered by the \$160 it is saving under this arrangement. A ratepayers' meeting has been called for June 18th, at which the whole matter will be approved or disapproved.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11/53

Library meeting tonight to approve a letter to the town council setting forth our undertaking in regard to the proposed new building. Smith-Watts was there, & afterwards he came to my house & talked till 3 a.m. reminiscing and discussing my history of the West Novas. He served with the regiment in Italy & is still very lame from a wound received in the Gothic Line fighting. He was one of "A" company's personnel who were captured in the Hitler Line battle & then dramatically rescued by "B" company. Another of these men, Corporal Mackinnon, is now a lightkeeper on Coffin's Island here.

Cold cloudy weather, the furnace running every evening. Violent tornados at Lornia, Ont., and Worcester, Mass, within the past 2 weeks, great damage, many killed & injured. Apparently the "tornado belt" is moving north year by year, another proof that our climate is changing.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17/53

Fog & showers for the past 4 days — miserable June so far. This afternoon I played golf in spite of the wet, desperate for exercise, & got a score of $48 + 39 = 87$, my best this year & I think the first time I have ever "broken" 40 on a 9-hole round.

Ted More, who is Marine Supt. for Messy Paper Co.,

phoned Tommy tonight & said there was a summer's job for him on the steamer "Vinland", now on charter to Bowater Paper Co. & making regular sailings between Cornesbrook, Nfld., and Navana, Tampa & Houston, Texas.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18/53

Fog & showers — as usual. Drove to Bridgewater this afternoon with E. & bought a sturdy metal-covered suitcase for Tommy & some items of clothing. Tonight there was a town meeting of ratepayers to vote on the matter of the proposed new town library, to cost \$14,000, of which the De Wolfe estate would provide \$10,000 and the Mersey Paper Co. \$1,000. Day, owner of the Liverpool Advance, came out with another violent attack on the proposal in his weekly issue today, & was there in person with other people he had rounded up. The Steel & Engine Products Co. (who like Day are incensed over the new town assessment which for the first time taxes them on what they are really worth) sent a solid delegation including my friend Hector Dunlop to vote against it. Spokesman for the Stenpro delegation, now in their employ, was R. H. Lockward, retired bank manager & member of the town council. Another "anti" talk came from Butler, shoe merchant, who complained of the rising rate of taxation. Day spoke along the lines of his editorials, asking why the Library Association had not tried to raise the odd \$3,000 by voluntary subscription. I replied, pointing out that the Association will have task enough to raise the money for operating & furnishing the new library, without raising money for the building itself. I added that there had been much talk about money but it seemed to me the moral issue was of at least as much importance. In these times, when governments, churches, ministers, priests & laymen were all concerned about the flood of sex "comics", crime "comics"

and other poisonous literature now being read avidly by the young, it was of first importance to provide a source of clean wholesome reading to young & old; and that this was being offered to the town at a very small cost. This was applauded, & Par. Messman went on to point out (in his quaint but earnest Finnish accent) that the De Wolfe bequest had been made to the town, not the Library Association; and it was absurd to ask a private Association to raise & contribute money to a town asset & responsibility. The Rev. John Davies (Anglican) supported me in the moral issue, & Mrs. Rolfe Seaborne, librarian, added some remarks on the present services to young people & the need for expansion. Day offered to contribute \$50 towards the \$3000 of the Library Association would raise the rest. Mayor Edgar Wright (chairman) asked him acidly if he would undertake to raise the rest himself, since the Association were ordinary citizens like himself. He did not reply. Eventually it was put to a vote, each ratepayer filing up to the desk, being checked on the rate roll by the town clerk, & then voting orally Yes or No to the resolution (moved by myself and seconded by Miss Marion Mack) that the town provide the odd \$3,000 for construction of the library, & pay for heat, light, water, insurance & maintenance of the building. Of 66 ratepayers present the vote was 42 for the library, 24 against. As we filed out I remarked to Lockward on the value of the town meeting, which the New England settlers had bequeathed to us, the basis of democracy as we conceive it. He was a little stiff but he agreed that it was the only way to settle these matters. I think at least he was in sympathy.

with the Library Association, but now as an employee of Stenpro he had to do what was expected of him by Stenpro's chief, stiff-necked C. O. Smith. Mowbray Jones showed blueprints of the proposed building, a good solid brick-surfaced structure to match the present Junior High School & to be erected on the old Corham property (bequeathed to the town long ago) within easy reach of the school itself. All in all it was a good demonstration of the basic value of the town meeting, at which every ratepayer gets a chance to say his say & cast his vote. Important (and a little surprising to me) was the favorable word of Victor Scobey, grocer, known to resent the new assessment system, who nevertheless spoke up manfully in favor of the library.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19/53 This long dismal spell of weather broke today at noon, the sun came out & the heat & humidity were terrific. Tommy bustling about today getting his seaman's papers, & \$50 travel money from Mersey Shipping Co. He leaves on Tuesday by rail to Sydney, thence by steamer to Port aux Basques, & then by the Nfld. railway to Cornerbrook, where he is to sign on the steamer "Finland" as a deck hand. at \$165 per month. E. & I presented him with a good wrist-watch as a graduation present; his generous aunt Marie Freeman gave him an expensive Parker pen- & -pencil set; Grandma Radvall sent a leather-bound coronation edition of the Bible & \$5; "aunt" Evelyn White, our neighbor who has always been so fond of him, sent over a card & \$5.

This afternoon I played golf with Harvey Brownell, his brother, & Dr. Muir ("Jock") of Halifax. Tonight we attended the graduation exercises at the High School. Tommy gave the Grade 12 valedictory speech & received

prizes for Social Studies, & for his work in the band. Afterwards there was the school dance, & he & Joan made a handsome pair in the opening Grand March. E. & I went on to Maynard Colp's house, where there was a reception for the George Doggetts. Then home, leaving the car at the school for Tommy, who is taking Joan & a party to the usual high-school-closing supper at Wood's snack bar at Summerville Beach.

Francie, after a terrific spurt of study in the eleventh hour, managed to pass her Grade Ten exams, so we have every reason to feel proud of our offspring.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21/53

Left with E. for convention of Canadian Authors Association in Toronto. (Details of this whole trip in separate typescript.) Drove my car to Hfx this morning, lunch with the Gamesters, who came with us to Dartmouth airport. Left the car in their charge. Plane left Dartmouth 2 p.m. (A.S.T.) arrived Montreal 5:10 p.m. (E.S.T.) = 4 hours 10 minutes in flight. Long hot wait at Dorval for next plane, which left 6:30 p.m. (E.S.T.) & arrived Toronto 8:30 p.m. (E.S.T.) = 9:30 daylight saving time. Reached our quarters at Whitney Hall about 11 p.m. after an hour's drive in heavy Sunday night traffic from Malton airport. Bill Seaton awaiting us with refreshments, also Isabel Lebourdais, chairman of Toronto authors' committee, who informed me that despite my request not to be billed for a speech of any sort I was down on the program for a debate with Nicholas ("The Great Sea") Mondsgarrat.

MONDAY, JUNE 22/53 Fine hot weather. Lunch with Jack Mc Clelland at Granite Club. Visit to Mc Clelland & Stewart's new plant in suburban Toronto. Dinner in Great Hall, Hart House, & greeted by many old & new

friends. Reception in evening in the open air of the Quadrangle, Hart House. Warm air. Moonlight. Orchestra. Refreshments. Chatted with Maze de la Roche, who gave a witty little opening address to the crowd. Later Jack Mclelland took us along to the Plaza Roof for drinks, with Sydney & Mrs. Gordon, Lawrence Carl, John Jordan, Yves Theriault, Hugh Kane, Joan Walker, a Miss Resnick. When the roof closed we adjourned to Whitney Hall - Johnnie Jordan's room - where the party was still going on merrily when E. & I sneaked off to bed at 2.30 a.m.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23/53 This morning had a talk with Ralph Allen, chief editor of Maclean's Magazine, in the hallway at Hart House. My submission of "Sidefall" for Maclean's \$5,000 prize novel contest has exposed a curious piece of business. Maclean's had already (i.e. before making public announcement of the contest early this month) decided to award this year's prize to W.O. Mitchell (their former fiction editor) for a novel he had just completed. Thus the thing was "in the bag". But they are enthusiastic about "Sidefall" and would award it a \$5,000 prize, to be announced later this year, provided that book publication is postponed until autumn 1954. Reason for this is that they will begin to serialise Mitchell's story in their magazine next Fall, and it will run until Feb. '54. Serialisation of my novel could then begin, & would run on into the summer. Mclelland & Stewart object strongly to this, as the book publication of "Sidefall" has been postponed already (due to my revision) from last Fall, & they have made a large advance sale, promising "Sidefall" to the booksellers definitely for next October. On past experience my Canadian

royalties for book publication of "Sidefall" will amount to far less than \$5,000 (about \$3500 at most, at a guess) so I had an invidious choice. However to offend my own publisher & the booksellers would be bad business in the long run, so I decided to pass Maclean's offer. Allen confessed to me bluntly, "I wish to God we'd seen your novel before", meaning I suppose that he could then have announced "Sidefall" as the first winner, & put over Mitchell's book to next year. The quaint part of this confession is of course that I submitted the galley of "Sidefall" to Macleans (through M. & S.) when I flew up to London, Ont. at the beginning of this month - just after receiving by mail a notice from Macleans announcing the contest. Mitchell's novel must have ^{been} in their hands & marked for the opening award some time before that.

At convention sessions all morning & afternoon. Breakfast & lunch in Great Hall, cafeteria style. Toronto branch C.A.A. gave a cocktail party from 5 to 6 p.m. in the Plaza annex. Met & chatted with Kaye Lamb, chief Canadian archivist & librarian, who wants me to let his people micro-film the Simeon Perkins diary. I said I would try to persuade the town fathers to let it go to Ottawa for this purpose. Claude Lewis (Copp Clark Co.) wants me to do a short story for their 9th. Grade school reader. Marjorie Whitelaw wants me to do fiction for her magazine "Week-end", published by Montreal Standard.

Banquet in Great Hall tonight. Dress informal, so I sat with C. at head table as vice-president for the Maritimes. Afterwards attended a party at the York Club, given by M. & S., who had apparently

taken over the whole club, — a great crowd of Toronto newspapers, radio & other personages, as well as authors from the convention. Had a chat with Monsarrat & his wife. Back to Whitney Hall about midnight.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24/53 Breakfast in Great Hall.

Monsarrat & I did our little debate this morning in Hart House, afterwards submitting to many questions, mostly asinine, put to us by members of the audience.

Jack McLelland took E. & me off to lunch at the Plaza Roof. Monsarrat & I went to C.B.C. studios & appeared on T.V. being interviewed about our books. E. & I had dinner later with Dr. Jim & Kay Goodwin at their lovely home, & Jim showed me with pride his collections of old documents, stamps & books.

Back to Whitney Hall at midnight.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25/53 The last day of the

convention. All morning at convention sessions, Hart House. Lunch at Toronto Yacht Club with John & Mrs. McLelland (Sr.), Jack McLelland & George Hardy. At 5 p.m. attended cocktail party in Royal York hotel given by Toronto magazine publishers. Napier Moore came up & introduced his new wife, a charming Englishwoman. They seem well mated & very happy.

Banquet in Great Hall tonight. Formal dress specified for head table, so I sat with E. at a table "below the salt", reserved by M. & S. for ten, including the Sydney Gordons, Sally Newman, Hugh Kane, Joan Walker & her husband, Suzanne Butler, Marguerite Carrière, E. & me. Isabel Lebourdais urged to me to sit at head table, regardless of dress, as she wished me to speak. I said No. I am regarded as an oddity for my refusal to wear what to me is an absurd costume,

but I can't help it, & I feel that the C.A.A. would be more respected by working writers (most of whom, like me, would not be found dead in white tie & tails) if it did away with these frills. Governor-General's Award medals presented by B.K. Sandwell in absence of the G.G. Afterwards everybody bustled ~~and~~ about saying Goodbye. After this Hugh Kane carried Sally Newman & E. & me off to his apartment for drinks, & later Upjohn (of MacMillans) & his wife dropped in. E. & I were feeling a bit frayed after four days & nights of bustling, eating & drinking, & were glad to get to bed at Whitney Hall.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26/53 A merry day at Niagara Falls with Hugh & Johnnie Kane. Lunch in view of the falls on 11th floor of the Brock Hotel. Trip in "Maid of the Mist." Photographed aboard. Afterwards drove down the river, inspected battlefield of Queenston Heights, climbed Brock's monument, saw Fort George & a glimpse of Navy Hall at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Then a very fast drive back to Toronto for a final dinner with my publishers at the Granite Club. Present: John & Mrs. McClelland (Sr.) Elizabeth McClelland (Jack's wife), Mark Savage, Hugh Kane, E. & me. Then on to George Stewart's house for a rubber or two of bridge, & finally to bed at Whitney Hall.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27/53 Spent the whole day with Kenneth Mackenzie, wealthy Toronto lawyer, & his son Hugh & daughter-in-law Eleanor. In the morning we drove 40 miles out of the city to the Caledon Mountain Trout Club, lunched there, changed into old clothes, & spent the afternoon angling for trout on one of the carefully stocked ponds. Drove back towards Toronto for dinner at Kenneth Mackenzie's house, secluded in

30 acres of field & trees at the outskirts of the city. At 9 p.m. they took us to Charles Bruce's house on Larnham Ave, & we said Goodbye. Charlie the same as ever. His new book (& first novel) "The Channel Shore" is to be published by Mac Millan's next spring. He told me Andrew Merkel is now a patient at the N.S. Hospital (for the insane) at Dartmouth, N.S. In his last few months of freedom at Lower Granville, & in a typical spasm of megalomania, ^{Merkel} decided to sell "Brow Hill" to the Canadian govt. as a summer residence for the governor-general. He thought Lord Alexander was still in office, & as the first British settlement on Annapolis Basin had been sent out by Sir William Alexander, poor Merkel thought it should appeal. He even made a trip or two to Ottawa, pestering all the politicians he knew, & as usual demanding that all his friends & neighbors support him in his whim. Took leave of the Bruces at midnight & returned by cab to Whitney Hall.

SUNDAY, JUNE 28/53 Still fine hot weather, indeed today proved a scorcher. Checked out of Whitney Hall this morning & took my baggage by cab to the Royal York. Checked in at the T.C.R. office there & got my seats for the return trip confirmed. Breakfast in a small cafe. At 10:30 A.M. (daylight time) we left the Royal York in the airport limousine for Malton. Very hot, temp. inside the plane 85° on the ground & only dropping to 80° in the air. Stewardess was Rene Dupresne's daughter Vivian. Plane another noisy North Star. At Dorval the airport was like a furnace & we had an hour's wait for the next plane. When we boarded it the inside temp. was 95°, dropping gloriously to 75° as we crossed over the mountains of northern Maine. Plane stopped at St. John & Moncton.

We reached Dartmouth at about 8 p.m. daylight time, & found Herb. Lamestej there with my car. Mum & Hilda in the back seat. Drove over to Jellimore, which gave us an hour's chaf on the way, & then I drove off to Liverpool with E. Home about 11:30 p.m. & found Francis well & happy. Tommy had left home last Monday by rail via Halifax, Sydney & the boat to Port aux Basques, to join S/S Finland at Cornerbrook, Nfld. He has shipped as deck-hand.

FRIDAY, JULY 3/53

ptching up on correspondence & lawn-mowing (at home & at Moose Harbor) & other chores, but getting in some good golf, & pleasant evenings at the Moose Harbor cabin. Letter from Tommy today, written at sea & posted at Savannah, Georgia. The ship had experienced a mixture of weather, wet & dry, rough & smooth, & he found he had a good pair of sea legs & was enjoying the life.

SUNDAY, JULY 5/53

Another lovely day. Up early, & drove to Kempt over the newly paved road, lovely all the way. It has taken the govt. 7 years to do these 35 miles, half way to Annapolis, & I suppose I shan't live to see the rest paved. Called on Clark Murray & family in Caledonia, & then turned off along the gravel road (dusty & full of "washboard") to New Germany. Lunch in a Bridgewater cafe. Then down the Lahave (west side) to Petite Riviere. The paved road from Bwater ends at Irish Lahave, & from there on you drive over a bed of flints & in choking dust. The road has been like this ever since the govt. "prepared" it for paving two years ago. No wonder Romkey lost his seat in the recent

provincial election! Stopped for a time to watch the swarm of sun-bathers & sea-bathers at Crescent Beach, & the cars running up & down the long curved sands. Mostly Bridgewater people & country folk of the poorer sort. Anyone in B'water who can afford it seems to have a cottage at Green Bay. Home about 3.30, tea with C. at Moore Harbor.

MONDAY, JULY 6/53

Mayor Wright called this morning with a letter from a woman asking details of the Perkins house, asking me to answer it. I brought up the matter of sending the Perkins diary to the national archives in Ottawa for micro-filming. In Toronto, Kaye Lamb, national archivist & librarian, had urged me to have this done, & I had told him to write me a letter containing this suggestion, which I could place before the town fathers. I turned the letter over to Wright, who said he would take it up with the council, repeating my own arguments in favor of it. Should have mentioned Saturday that a Miss Perry (?) came to see me regarding a movie film to be made for the N.S. Bureau of Information for use as a news-reel short. They want to include some footage of the Perkins house but boggle over its emptiness. I suggested playing up the very fact. First a "moonlight" shot of the house, mysterious under the old elms. Then the camera moving inside, doors opening, stairs creaking, etc., as camera moves from room to room. Sound of pen on paper, view of a man's hand writing with a quill pen, a shot of a page of Perkins' actual diary, another of the portrait of him hanging in town hall, finally the voice of the narrator explaining who Perkins was, and here he lived etc., — over a final fade-out of the moonlit exterior.

Properly done this could be most effective, & a pleasant change from the usual publicity stuff.

I spent this morning & evening at the desk, catching up on my correspondence & writing cheques for my June bills. This afternoon E. came with me around the golf course & I got an 84 (two 42's) my best score ever. Not many players out. Spotted Bud Paul in his quaint red hat in the distance.

The United Church (formerly Methodist) here has been faced with the problem that confronts every house owner nowadays — the high cost of painting, both for labor & material. So they have decided to cover the old narrow clapboards with wide, white asbestos shingles, which (according to the manufacturers) will retain their color always. Within a few years the shingles will have paid for themselves in paint & labor saved, with the added advantages of fire-proofing & extra protection against cold. Some say the asbestos shingles won't hold their present dazzling white & eventually must be painted like ordinary wooden ones. Time will tell.

TUESDAY, JULY 7/53 Fog & light showers — not enough for the parched lawns & gardens. The tennis club has got a new lease of life. The Mercury Paper Co. has given some money & the club is asking the public to contribute \$1400. Confidently, they have had two asphalt courts laid (this work is just completed) & now the workmen are busy with two clay courts.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8/53 Lovely day. Golf this afternoon with Jack McLearn, my score 91, his 100+. This evening E. & I saw the colored films of the coronation & procession, called "A Queen Is Crowned". Magnificent; still I couldn't help feeling sorry for the brave young queen who

was the victim of ~~the~~ all that stuffy ceremonial within the Abbey. Half of that would have been sufficiently impressive & saved her & the beholders a lot of torture. The local theatre was crowded for the third successive night, & this in spite of a ball game and the Firemen's Fair this evening. Many people from the country.

THURSDAY, JULY 9/53 Overcast & cool. Golf with Laurence Ferge this afternoon, his score 80, mine 87.

Workmen are busy excavating for the foundation of the new library building on Gorkham Street. The federal election campaign is warming up. Bob Winters has chosen to run for re-election in the dual constituency of Queens - Lunenburg, despite the Liberal defeats in both counties in the provincial election. Hon. C. D. Howe spoke at Winters' nomination meeting in Bridgewater, declared that fish markets & prices would improve shortly, & (amongst other things good about to happen) that C. B. C. engineers & architects were now choosing a site for the T. V. transmitter & studios at Halifax, & that the station would be built within 12 months, & that its effective range would include Lunenburg & part of Queens.

FRIDAY, JULY 10/53

Mary Perry turned up at 10.30 a.m., with a car-trunk full of electrical equipment, films, movie camera & tripod, to take the shots of the Perkins House we discussed on Monday. Her four portable klieg-lights (each using 1000 watts) required a pair of town electricians to run special wires from the mains outside the house, & we had to follow her about, moving & arranging all this stuff, from room to room, upstairs & down.

These pictures, & some exteriors, & some close-ups of the old Perkins diary with a mysterious hand (mine) turning the pages, and of Perkins portrait (removed from

town hall for the purpose) took the rest of the morning & all afternoon, with an hour out for lunch at my house. Success of the Peeking bit in her provincial film will depend on skilful piecing-together of these shots, plus proper sound effects and narration. She showed me a narrative she had compiled herself for the whole film, & it seemed stuffy to me, but I made no comment.

News: Tass, the official Russian news agency, has announced the downfall of Beria, Malenkov's companion (& rival) in the direction of the Soviet state since Stalin's death. As usual Beria is now accused of all sorts of crimes against the state & blamed for everything that has gone wrong since Stalin died.

SUNDAY, JULY 12/53 Fine, overcast, showers at evening. Attended a memorial service for Col. C. H. P. Jones in Trinity Church this morning, the occasion being the dedication of a new system of lighting, the cost of which has been defrayed by the Jones family. The church has been completely re-wired, & the new (500-watt each) lamps are controlled by 3 rheostats under the belfry, which raise the light gradually from zero to full, & vice versa, & can be set at any point desired. Sean Davis, of All Saints Cathedral, preached the sermon, the text being of course "let there be light", etc.

Golf this afternoon with Brent Smith, my score 93, his 102. At 4.30 P. & I drove to Ragged Islands Inn at Lockport with the Hubert Macdonalds, had dinner there, & later drove around Lewis Head on the way home. The rest of the evening we spent very pleasantly chatting over drinks at our house.

MONDAY, JULY 13/53 Heavy rain last night, & fog & showers all day. Forgot to enter yesterday that Francis left by bus for Yarmouth, where she has been engaged.

to serve as a "councillor" at the girls' camp at Lake Wapomeo for the next two weeks. E. & I had dinner tonight at White Point with Mrs. Dorothy Hunt Estabrooks, her husband, the Donald Smiths, & Mr. Harry MacLeod. Dorothy, Beth Smith & E. were classmates of Acadia Ladies' Seminary about 31 or 32 years ago, so there was much reminiscence.

I learn (indirectly but authoritatively) that Mowbray Jones, acting for his fellow heirs, has sold the estate of the late Col. C. H. L. Jones ("La Ferme de la Bonne Contenté") ~~for~~ near Quebec, for a very large sum. Real Estate values there have risen enormously since the war, especially since Laval University bought a large area of the adjoining ridge of Sainte Foy for their new campus. (Laval proposes to spend ultimately \$100,000,000 on this site.) The purchaser is a Roman Catholic Corporation, which has been making tentative bids for the property ever since Col. Jones died. M. held out for a fat price, & got it, after running "La Ferme" for the past 4 or 5 years as a hotel. Col. Jones reputedly spent a quarter million dollars on the place during the late war, & I daresay the heirs have got double that for it. No. 2, this sale fell through, see entry Oct. 3/53

TUESDAY, JULY 14/53 Fog at morning, overcast all day. Golf this afternoon with Bill Joudrey, his score 88, mine 98.

News: - John Christie, "London's most notorious murderer since Jack the Ripper", was hanged last night. He had killed his wife & at least six young women, mostly prostitutes, during last winter, & concealed the bodies about his apartment in a London slum. The man was a confessed necrophile, but he was judged sane enough to die for his crimes.

Harry MacLeod tells me the cost of re-shingling & repairs to the United Church here will run close to \$10,000. The new asbestos shingles weigh 10 tons, & many beams in the frame & roof were found rotten & had to be replaced. The entrance doors are to be replaced by a new & better design.

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1953

Very humid but fine, after yesterday's heavy rain. Golf this afternoon. Lou & Dorothy Parrot called, just as E. & I were having a glass of lager in the garden after golf. They arrived at Greenfield last Tuesday for the summer. They had supper with us & afterwards we went to Moose Harbor & stayed till dark.

FRIDAY, JULY 17/53

Again hot & humid. Fried golf this afternoon, played badly, felt tired & quit at the 9th. Supper party this evening at the Wickwires' cottage at Hunt's Point.

SATURDAY, JULY 18/53

Fine. Blair Fraser, of Maclean's Mag., writes asking suggestions re the reform of the Senate, for an article he is preparing. Also wants me to suggest a list of Nova Scotians ("distinguished in fields other than that of politics") to replace the present old party-horses representing N.S. there. I gather that he is inviting similar suggestions & lists from the other provinces, & that the tone of the article will be partly humorous, partly serious. However, this is a hot potato, since the N.S. "recommendations" would appear under my name — sure to offend the present incumbents and all those not included in my list who may nevertheless be distinguished in their various fields.

Golf this afternoon with John Wickwire, M. Jones & Don Kelso. My score second best, with 91.

SUNDAY, JULY 19/53

Drove to Lou Parrot's lodge at Greenfield with E. This ~~after~~ morning, having promised to visit there & stay the night. Took Tommy's little radio along for the use of Lou's cook, who lives in a separate cabin & finds the evenings long. Spent most of the afternoon watching the antics of a pair of beavers about their "house" on the riverbank. Evening at bridge, a hilarious affair for me & my partner,

Dorothea Parrot, who felt with me that bridge is not a thing to be taken seriously. But I think Lou (who takes his bridge very seriously indeed) thought I was tight.

MONDAY, JULY 20/53 Fine. After a leisurely breakfast left hospitable "Harlow Lodge" & returned to L'pool. Golf the afternoon with C. & Miss Griffith of White Point Lodge, my score 92.

This evening I addressed a dinner of the local Kiwanis Club, the guests including 11 members of the Lockport club. My subject "What It Means To Be A Canadian."

Learned from Hubert Macdonald that s/s Vinland (young Lou's ship) has just passed Scatage on her way to Montreal with a cargo of phosphate fertilizer from some port in Florida. We have heard nothing from him except a brief letter written at sea & mailed in the first port south (Savannah) although his girl (Joan) & various other people, including Henry Kenzie, negro man-of-all-trades, have had letters or postcards mailed in other ports.

TUESDAY, JULY 21/53 Rain. Wrote Blair Fraser saying No; on the grounds, (the truth) that I'm not sufficiently acquainted with the subject. In my ramblings about U.S. I have been concerned with the common man, not Senate material; this is the proper field for a writer of my outlook but it unfits me for the kind of thing Fraser has in mind.

This afternoon drove to Petite Riviere via Congersall Mills & Crousetown. My sister Nellie has come up from her home in Alabama & is staying at the Asenbush House with my mother for 2 weeks. C. & I had dinner there with Nellie & Mother, & a table full of elderly women & one other man, all very lively & good fun. And afterwards we sat about the living room in the Asenbush House annex (formerly the residence of a Sperry family) where there was a good wood fire & much talk. Had a few words with

old Frederick Birchall, who still lives each summer at his beautiful house in Petite Riviere, getting his meals at Arenburg House. This year Mrs Birchall, in her nineties, is spending the summer in England, for a last look at her old home before she dies.

News: The U.S. gov't is acting more & more like an old-fashioned Republican one in the matter of tariffs. Barriers against Canadian dairy products appeared some time ago, now a number of other things, including fish fillets, are on the high-tariff list. Ottawa has made a sharp protest, but Ottawa protested the other barriers & got nothing but a routine reply. A barrier against fish would hurt the Maritime economy seriously. With the end of the Korean war in sight, & an end to the re-armament boom, U.S. business fears a depression & is taking steps to secure its home market. American visitors here, all people with money & therefore all rabid Republicans, shake their heads sadly & murmur: "Too bad for Ike. He can't prevent what's coming & he'll be blamed for the result, just like Hoover."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22/53

"Milton Day"

With memories of old Milton Days, C. & I went up the river this afternoon.

A cloudy, threatening day. The main part of the program, the water sports, were held at Morton's Wharf. Rain began to fall, lightly & then heavily. There was bad staff work & the various groups were slow to assemble. From across the river, sitting in my car, we watched the greasy pole, the junior girls' junior boys' swimming races, & one bout of canoe tugging; but it was slow business & at last we went on to visit Aunt Marie Bell. The rest of the Milton Day program was washed out in a flood of rain. Today I had the car's ignition system checked, & new "points" & a complete set of new spark-plugs installed.

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1953

All last night a heavy gale from the sea, with slashing rain, shaking the house in some gusts, & tearing at trees & shrubs. The nautical stovepipe in my den leaked & this am. I mopped up a bucketful of water. Got Joe's rickety ladder & examined drainpipe from eaves of den, north side, found it completely plugged near bottom. Wind hauled SW this afternoon, still blowing hard, & I mowed the lawns, clipped shrubs, etc. E. & I had a picnic tea at Moose Harbor, where there was still a big surf from the gale. Tommy phoned Joan from Montreal last night, said he's enjoying the beg life, has just got his pay - "money to burn".

News:- Much ado in Britain over Princess Margaret's desire to marry Group-Captain Peter Townsend, a hero of the R.A.F. & for some years a member of the royal staff. He divorced his wife for adultery some time ago & the courts gave him custody of the two children, but the Church of England holds its stiff-necked attitude towards divorce & the marriage of a divorced person. Poor Margaret was packed off to Rhodesia on an official visit with her mother when the news of her romance was about to break into the newspapers, & Townsend similarly was packed off to Brussels as "air attache" to the British embassy there.

Rumors are still seeping out of Russia about the "scuffle in the pilot-house", & British observers think there may yet be dramatic developments surpassing that of Beria's downfall.

SATURDAY, JULY 25/53

For some time now, although much interrupted by summer visitors & the summer social obligations, I have been working on another collection of short stories for publication by Mc Clelland & Stewart next year. Two or three were published previously ^{in magazine} during the war,

but most consist of notes made during that period, when the under-side of war, the shore side, & the ~~human~~ tragedies comedy of men & women separated & lonely in far places, under strain of ~~the~~ one sort or another, were things that for the most part you couldn't publish at all. I think I shall call the book "A Muster of Arms", which happens to be the title of one of the stories in it, but mostly because of the double entendre, which admirably covers what I have to say.

SUNDAY, JULY 26, 1953

Again fine weather. Today the truce in Korea was signed at last in Panmunjom, after three years of war & two years of fruitless negotiations.

It ends practically where it started, on a 155-mile front across the country near the 38th parallel, after wide sweeps back & forth. The Allies (chiefly the South Koreans & Americans) have lost 72,000 killed, 250,000 wounded, & 84,000 captured or missing. The Red losses, all North Korean & Chinese, our people estimate at 1,400,000 — probably an exaggeration, but we'll never know. The Allies agreed to return 70,000 North Korean prisoners & 5,000 Chinese; & the Reds are to return ~~the~~ a much smaller catch — about 2,000 Americans, 8,000 South Koreans & 1,000 other Allied personnel. Canadian losses were 291 dead, 1,069 wounded, 18 captured, 28 missing.

No excitement of any kind — the negotiations have dragged on so long that the truce comes as an anti-climax, & how far we can trust the Reds when our forces have withdrawn remains a question.

Drove with C. to Petite Riviere, had lunch with Mother & Nell, & spent most of the afternoon in their circle of lively & witty old ladies, who comprise almost the whole clientele of the Arenburg House.

MONDAY, JULY 27/53 Drove with E. to the "G" camp behind Yarmouth this morning, had lunch with the Bains, & returned with Francie, Evelyn White & Myrna Wickwire & their baggage. Bain was full of praise for Francie's work as counsellor. She has now passed the senior lifesaving test, a gruelling business, in which she got the highest marks of all the young women there. We ran into a thunderstorm as we approached Lusket, & drove the 15 miles from there over a narrow dirt road through the woods in a downpour. Left at 2, home at 5. Letter from young Lem at last, posted in Montreal, although the ship is now approaching Cornerbrook, I think, for another newsprint cargo south.

TUESDAY, JULY 28/53 Fine & hot. Writing all morning. Golf this afternoon with three experts - Harvey Crowell, his son Edwin (Nova Scotia champion for years) & a chap named Phil Hopgood. My score far the highest - 93.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29/53 Fine. To Parrot's lodge this a.m. with E. Lunch, & then up Bonhook Lake in the motor boat to Glodie's Island, where we spent the afternoon bathing & loafing in the sun. Back to this lodge for supper - steamed clams, delicious. Later on bridge, E. & Lou against Dorothy P. & me. Dorothy showed us some of her copper jewelry work, very good & apparently original. (She draws her own designs & then fashions them in the metal.) Retired to bed at midnight but slept badly for some reason.

THURSDAY, JULY 30/53 Fine. Breakfast with Lou & Dorothy (they were very keen for us to stay today as well, but we had to get back) & drove to L'pool at 10 a.m. Letter from young Lem written in Cornerbrook, Nfld. His first month's pay was about \$155, of which he spent \$30 in Montreal for shoes & clothing, the income tax takes \$25, & he is remitting \$100 to his savings at in the Royal Bank here.

FRIDAY, JULY 31/53 Fulfilling a promise to Instructor-Lieut. Col. J. Clark, of the Cornwallis naval training station, I drove there this morning, had lunch with him & Capt. James Plomes in the wardroom, & then gave a talk to about 150 young officers, Wrens & naval nurses in a lecture room. The subject, my favorite with R.C.N. people, the fact that Canada's navy has a fighting background of its own, — the first ships built, manned, commanded & paid for by Canadians to make war on Britain's enemies — the privateers of Nova Scotia & their sustained & wide-spread effort during the American Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, & the War of 1812.

Plomes recently returned from service in Korea. I asked his opinion of the present truce. He said, "We're quitting just when we should be hitting them hard — right now when they don't want to fight because of the schemozzle in Moscow. Later on one of those tough people in Moscow will get absolute control again, & we can then expect a more ruthless Russian foreign policy than ever. I suppose I sound like a typical militarist. Well, I've seen enough war in my time. I'd like peace as much as anybody. But I can't help seeing this truce as a mistake."

I had brought C. as far as Annapolis, where she stopped for lunch at the Hellsdale, & I picked her up there at 2 pm & drove home by way of Middleton & Bridgewater. The morning's direct route from Ipswich to Annapolis proved a pleasure for the paved 39 miles to Kemps, terrible for the next 6 (where contractors are at work for the next paving strips, & probably the last, which takes in the whole of Maitland village), & dusty but reasonably smooth over the remaining 26 miles of gravel.

Item: Clark said he met Nicholas Monsarrat during the war. Monsarrat was then commanding a former U.S. ship which he had taken over in a U.S. port. "He wore a fantastic beard, a single ear-ring, & a pair of enormous leather sea-boots that came up to his thighs, of a sort that Cornish & Breton fishermen sometimes wear. I had a strong impression that he thought he was Francis Drake. And since then, since the success of his book, I can't resist a feeling that he was acting a part that some day he intended to write."

SATURDAY, AUG. 1/53 Fine but cool, with a strong NW gale, like Fall. Drove with E. & Francie this morning to Petite Riviere, & picked up Nell & Mother & their baggage. All those bright old ladies crowded out to say goodbye, really touching. Drove on to Jollimore & deposited Mum & Nell with the Gamestors. E. & I had an invitation to attend a reception on board the U.S. aircraft carrier "Gilbert Islands", now in Hfx with a division of the U.S. fleet, but decided to pass it up.

Francie wanted a chicken dinner so we stopped at the "Chicken Barbecue", 12 miles out of Hfx, & had a very ^{good} meal for \$1.50 each. Home at 4:30.

SUNDAY, AUG. 2/53 Fine. Russell & Smith got me out of bed at 8:30 a.m. (just when I was enjoying my first real sleep in four days) to go golfing. I went, but played very badly (103). Took Francie & five other neemaids to Summersville, at 2 p.m. & picked them up there at 8 p.m., spending the interval at Moose Harbor with E. & Marie Freeman & a picnic tea. In the evening E. & Marie & I went up to visit Aunt Marie Bell, & found her cheerful & talkative.

MONDAY, AUG. 3/53

Fine. Spent this afternoon alone (with my typewriter) at Moose Harbor. At 4 p.m. E. arrived with Kenneth Mackenzie, of Toronto, who came to White Point Lodge on Saturday. Chatted till six, & then returned to our house in town for supper. Mackenzie is preparing a history of his father's family & his mother's family (the Blanchards) in Colchester County, & is full of the subject.

A small shipment of antiques for the Perkins House has arrived from Mrs. Watson in Southbridge, ^{STURBRIDGE,} Mass. They are consigned to the N.S. Dept. of Public Works in my care, & are now in the CNR shed here. As usual there is an obstruction. George Freeman, local customs officer, refuses to clear the shipment - "there is no proof of antiquity, no proof of value" etc - all deliberately & obviously trumped up to satisfy a petty grudge of his own. In '49 Freeman, whose house & garden adjoin the Perkins property, threatened to sue the Dept. of Public Works over some matter of a tree standing on the boundary. The Dept. informed him correctly that he had no legal ground for his fuss, & then the matter was dropped. Here is a chance for revenge & Freeman has seized it gleefully.

TUESDAY, AUG. 4/53

Fine & cool. Mowing & trimming grass all day - this morning at home, this afternoon at Moose Harbor. While at the harbor I saw a small white sloop towed in from seaward by an American dragger. Off Coffin's Island they parted company & the yacht hoisted her sails & came into Liverpool on the S.E. breeze. She turned out to be the Hlx yacht "Scrapper" with 3 men aboard (one of whom was Kevin Meagher) & the object of an air-sea search for the past 2 days, having been blown out to sea in a gale.

Letter from Tommy, whose ship left Cornerbrook on Saturday for the Gulf of Mexico. He also sent a photo

of himself & two other young sailors, taken in a Miami street last voyage, looking carefree & happy & reminding me of my own young days on the sea. He says Captain Williams spoke to him on the return voyage from Boca Grande, saying he had been watching him, & that he had kept his end up well & proved a good sailor. Which augurs well for next summer, when Tom hopes to get back on "Vinland".

Tonight I attended a Liberal meeting in the Astor Theatre to hear Bob Winters M.P. & the Hon. Douglas Abbott Minister of Finance. The theatre was full. Winters is tall, handsome, clever, modest - a rare combination - & made an excellent speech, nothing high-flown, just an able & I think sincere man talking to people he knew & liked. Abbott was introduced by Pitt Potter, Lunenburg lawyer, who had served in the same battery in War One in France & Belgium, where Abbott was a humble bombardier. Abbott is a cheerful, somewhat cocky, even a little bombastic type, a slugger born I should say, full of scorn for Drew's promise to reduce taxes by 500 millions, quoting the estimated cost of Drew's proposed new public services (including an expensive public health scheme on the British model) and asking where Drew proposes to reconcile the two.

Item: Don Smith, retiring M.P. for Queens, in thanking Abbott from the platform, predicted that he would be the next prime minister of Canada.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5/53

E. planned a picnic supper at Moose Harbour today, inviting seven people, so of course the wind hauled S.E. last night & blew a cold gale with tons of rain all today. However we had a buffet supper at our house, with the furnace going, & a fire in the hearth, & plenty to eat & drink & cards & chat afterwards, so I think no one was disappointed. Lou & Dolly Parrot, Kenneth Mackenzie, Mrs.

MacDill, Mrs. Beebe, Mrs. Laura Creed & Elsie Johnson.

THURSDAY, AUG 6/53

Lovely day after the storm. Golf this afternoon, alone, 97. Moose Harbor until dark, working at my collection of short stories, & ditto at home till midnight.

The John Ferguson's eldest daughter "Lisby" was married today in the Catholic church to a chap named Nugent. Francie attended, all dressed up in a spangled muslin thing with what I believe is called a crinoline petticoat, & a white hat & gloves, & looking as pretty as the bride. It was a typical Ferguson affair. The bride's sister Gertrude, a bridesmaid aged 17, became so excited that she had to leave the ceremony, dashing up the aisle, & was heard being sick at the back of the church.

When the wedding party was being assembled in front of the Ferguson house for a photograph, the neighbors' dogs became interested, & suddenly the whole show was disrupted by a terrific dog-fight right in their midst.

Finally Ma & Pa Ferguson decided to go right along to White Point Lodge, & spend the first two days of the honeymoon with the happy couple. According to Francie this was Lisby's wish as well. I don't think the bridegroom was consulted. He has a job in Ottawa & presumably will be glad to get back there.

FRIDAY, AUG 7/53

Fine, cool. The Dept of Public Works, on receipt of my indignant letter, must have lit a fire under somebody in authority in the Customs at Hfx. Last night, & again this morning, George Freeman phoned my house, saying that the furniture shipment could be cleared promptly, provided that he could inspect it at the C. N. R. depot. As all the stuff is crated, this means tearing the crates apart - as he well knew, & I take it

that this is his notion of making an extra expense while obeying the orders from Hfx. I phoned Kandy Day, president of Queens County Historical Society, & he agreed to accompany Freeman to the freight shed & see that the crates were struck off. Golf this afternoon, part of the way with a Dr. Howells, an English medical man now practising in Hfx. My score 92.

C & I had dinner at White Point Lodge with Ken Mackenzie, preceded by drinks, in fact a pre-dinner party, in a cabin inhabited by a Miss Foley & her mother, of Hfx. The company all financial people. Sedgewick (asst. general manager of the Royal Bank) & wife, & three Canadians who have long lived in New York representing Canadian stockbroking firms there. One of them, Eric Morse of W. C. Pittfield & Co. was a contemporary of Edith at Acadia. One of these men, Reg Jarvis, & his wife, urged Mackenzie & us to spend the evening in their cabin playing bridge. MacKenzie & Edith were keen, & I could not refuse, although bridge bores me to tears. I don't mind a slapdash game of cards played in the company of amateurs like myself, but Mac & the Jarvices were bridge sharks, counting & mentally registering every spot on every card, bidding according to an elaborate & to me incomprehensible system of recognition signals, & holding a loud post-mortem over every hand. I wanted to go home at midnight, but C. wanted to play another rubber & have another drink, so we didn't get away till 1 a.m. Christ!

SATURDAY, AUG. 8/53 Rain. At my desk all morning & most of the afternoon. Cocktail party at the Kirkpatricks' in Milton at 6, then back to town for a dinner party at

the Austin Parkers', in honor of Bert Waters' two maiden sisters who are visiting. Afterwards the inevitable cards appeared & the party divided - the men to play poker in one room & the ladies to play bridge in another. As I know little or nothing of poker, I was able to beg off, but it was after eleven before I could politely take my leave with E.

It is said nowadays that television has killed the art of conversation. But that's nonsense. The art of conversation began to die when the craze for contract bridge began to seize everyone in the 1930's.

What TV may kill is the reign of cards. I hope so.

SUNDAY, AUG. 9/53

My father was killed at Amiens 35 years ago today. At my desk all morning. Francis left by car for Yarmouth to visit an Eaton girl for a week. Golf (92) with E. this afternoon.

E's cousin ^{Auntie} Ferna, a cheerful, homely, mannish spinster of 60, has announced that she will marry this fall. The husband-to-be is a lifelong friend, Fred Ryan, a thin effeminate hypochondriac of 66. Ferna is a professional nurse.

MONDAY, AUG. 10/53

Overcast, rain tonight. Golf alone this afternoon, 97. This is Canadian election day. E & I voted for Robert Winters, who received a majority of more than 2800. Visited this afternoon by a Mr. John A. Oates, historian of Fayetteville, Cumberland County, North Carolina, which was the heart of the Highland Scots settlements before the American Revolution. He is interested in the location & details of Carolinian Scots Loyalists who came to Nova Scotia in 1783. I gave him a copy of my paper on Carleton's Region, with photostat copies of Neil Campbell's discharge certificate, various land-grant tickets bearing Scots names, etc.,

which he promised to return. He invited me to come to Fayetteville & stay with him next April, when there is to be a gathering of the Clans (local) & a celebration, & promised to send me a copy of his history of the district.

Late returns on the election show another Liberal sweep. The 265 seats in the House of Commons will be held during the next four years by:—

Liberals	171
Independent-Liberals	2
Liberal-Labor	1
Conservative	50
C. C. F.	23
Social Credit	15
undecided	3
	<u>265</u>

No less than 100 communist candidates ran for election. All were defeated, including their leader Tim Buck, & all lost their deposits.

TUESDAY, AUG. 11/53

A hot overcast day after heavy rain & thunder through the night. Golf this afternoon, played badly, 98. Returning through town I had a slight collision about 3:10 p.m., caused by John W. Hatt, of Milton. His car was ahead of mine, & just before the lane which runs past the side of the gov't. liquor store he swung into the right-hand curb, stopped without warning, & (just as I was about to pass) threw open his left-hand door. The door dented my right front fender & tore off a strip of chromium, badly scratching the paint. Hatt admitted it was his fault & told me to have my car repaired & send the bill to him.

Kenneth Mackenzie dropped in, with the typescript of his book on the Blanchards & other families of Colchester County. We invited him to come along with us to

Moose Harbor, where we had a picnic tea with Dick & Elsie (MacLeod) Hanson & Marie Freeman, in my cabin. Roy Haines had just arrived at his cottage from Maryland & stopped by for a chat. Home sat dark.

Bob McBlair (town clerk) informed me this afternoon that the Perkins Diary had arrived safely at the Archives, Ottawa, for microfilming. He also discussed with me and Armand Wigglesworth (town electrician) the installation of a 3-wire 220-volt power line to the Perkins House - this for the electric "glass heat" system to be installed in the house this fall. I understand a Lunenburg firm has the heating contract. "Wig" said there is a 220-volt line to the army building next door, & it will be a simple matter to connect this to the side of the Perkins house, where it will be hidden by the large chestnut tree. (I had said I did not want to see electric wires led in from Main Street over the front lawn.)

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 12/53 Hot, with fog lying on the shore. Letter from Jack McBlairland saying that Little, Brown & Co. had agreed with the Book League of America for a book-of-the-month adoption early in 1954. Golf this afternoon with Paul King. Played badly, 102. (56+46). Kenneth Mackenzie came to dinner & stayed the evening, showing & discussing his partly-gripped book on the Blanchards, Mackenzies & others, which he proposes to entitle "Sabots & Slippers." (From Voltaire's assertion that all history is filled with the sound of sabots clumping up the stairs and slippers coming down.) He is a good-looking man in the 70's, a clipped white mustache, hair not

entirely grey, parted on the left side & neatly brushed, large grey-blue eyes whose lids sometimes droop, alternately halting & then fluent in speech, well read, well spoken, a keen mind that remembers everything including the anecdote you told months ago, a sense of humor, a Highland fondness for whiskey, long a widower and lonely, with two sons grown up & married & with half-grown offspring, a lawyer who has made money in Ontario & yet remembers with nostalgia the days of his youth on a poor little farm at Carltown in the woods between Furo & Setamaguiche. He was a Dalhousie student under Archie MacMechan & feels that he would rather have been an author than a lawyer.

THURSDAY, AUG. 13/53 Fine & hot. Mowed & clipped the lawn about the house all morning. Golf this afternoon with E. (part of the way with Ed. Miller of Kentville, & Mrs. Saxton). My score 88. During our absence this afternoon Ken Mackenzie called on his departure from White Point & left a bottle of Trinidad rum. Also a Mrs. and Miss Godfrey, of Washington, called & left a note with the Lushes next door.

FRIDAY, AUG. 14/53 Fine & hot. Put the car in Bain's this morning to have repaired the dents & scratches of my brush with Hatt. Hence I was tied at home all day - no golf. Joe Holliday sent copies of the photo he made in the Quadrangle, Hart House, & in the T.V. studio. Very good. Note Book of the Month Club cancelling my membership. (Signed for 1 year & it has run at least 3.) Card from Franice who is having a wonderful time in Garmouth. The local customs are charging \$21.22 import duty on the small shipment of battered antiques for the Perkins House. I told Mrs. Kandy Day to pay it from D.C. Historical Society funds & we

will try to collect from the Dept. of Public Works. Otherwise the stuff would be held up here indefinitely.

SATURDAY, AUG. 15/53

Hurricane warning, the first of the season. This one formed off the Carolina coast & is supposed to pass here this afternoon. I went to Bain's & got my car at 9 a.m. They had to re-paint the whole right front mudguard, using the standard robin's-egg blue with which my car was painted at the factory in '49. Unfortunately the paint on the rest of the body has faded to a dull hue impossible to match, & the repair job sticks out like a sore thumb. Drove at once to Moose Harbor & put the big shutters over my plate glass window. Then back to town & overhauled my roof drains, & lashed a plastic bag over the stove-funnel on the roof of my den.

10 p.m. All my precautions proved needless. The storm veered seaward, giving us an uneasy S. wind with heavy showers & drizzle, & then about 5 p.m. a rising glass & a gusty N.W. wind that cleared everything off by dark. E. & I went out to Moose Harbor after tea & watched the surf till 9 p.m. Saw the "Liverpool Packet" go out, light & pitching heavily, bound for Cape Breton & another cargo of pulpwood.

News: in Korea the exchange of prisoners goes on. The hostile armies have withdrawn a few miles according to the armistice terms, leaving a barren belt (the old battlefield) between them.

SUNDAY, AUG. 16/53

Lovely warm day. Golf this afternoon with Maurice Russell, my score 92, his 95. Many players out. Picnic tea at Moose Harbor with E., his sister Marie, & Aunt Marie Bell. Russell tells me that the newspaper mills no longer have a "seller's

market". High prices have increased production enormously & by the same token have begun to reduce consumption, all over the world. "Fortunately for Morse Paper Co. we have a tie-in with the big Bowaters interests, who have booked orders ahead for more than they can produce this year by 15,000 tons. We're supplying the balance & it's been a lifesaver. However Bowaters have increased their production at Cornerbrook & have built a big new mill in the southern States, so we can't depend on that for 1954."

MONDAY, AUG. 17/53 A hazy-hot day. Leslie Barnard & his wife called while C. & I were at golf this afternoon, & left a little message with my neighbor Joe Pushie.

Apparently they are motoring with friends from Montreal & are on their way to West Gore. Moose Harbor this evening. Just at sunset a light shower began to fall on the sea, & the red flush of sunset created a strange pink-hued rainbow for a few minutes, very lovely.

A letter from young Tom today, written on the voyage south & posted in Houston, Texas. Still enjoys the sailor's life & is looking forward to a job on the same ship next summer.

TUESDAY, AUG. 18/53 Fine, cool. Bought a quart of "Golden Diamond", a pale Demerara rum, 100% proof, for \$6.00. The first time that proof spirits have been sold in N.S. liquor stores since 1939, & this the last bottle of two cases that came in only yesterday. Golf alone this afternoon, & picnic tea at Moose Harbor with the Maurice Russells, Jack Mc Clearns & Larry Seldons as our guests. Afterwards we sat about the outdoor fire, chatting & looking at the moonlight on the sea until 10 p.m. Coming in, my car lights all but expired.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 19/53 Open & -shut, heavy cloud & sunshine. Bain's let me have a new battery while they check over my

old one. Golf alone this afternoon, 91. Picnic tea party at Moose Harbor, our guests the Hector Dumps, the Charles Willigms, the Ralph Johnsons & their guest Ester Wilsford. Stayed till 9 pm. by the fire, under a sky of sharp stars & half a moon. While we were there the Bert Waters called, with their guests the Blakes.

FRIDAY, AUG. 21/53

Picnic tea at Moose Harbor again tonight, our guests this time the (Dr) John Wickwires, Mrs. Wickwires's sister "Bricky," the Austin Parkers, the Hubert Macdonalds. We sat about the fire singing, with John's fine baritone ringing over the water, until almost midnight.

SATURDAY, AUG. 22/53

Again a fine day. Golf this morning with Hubert Macdonald & Maurice Russell, my score 98, Russell 89, Mac 110. Francie arrived at noon on the bus, reporting a wonderful holiday in Yarmouth, & a new flame, a Langille boy who is earning college money as a lifesaver at Lake Mills. This evening E. & I went out to Moose Harbor, I mowed the grass & chopped out two old tree stumps, & we watched the moon come up.

SUNDAY, AUG. 23/53

Again fine. Golf this morning with Mac & Russell, my score 93, Mac's 98, Russell's 90. Picnic tea at Moose Harbor this evening with Phyl & Mowbray Jones our guests, & sat chatting until after 11 & gazing at the sea — the moon almost full & the water with just enough movement to make a swash on the shore.

MONDAY, AUG. 24/53

Again fine. Tommie's ship is in Tampa, Florida, on her way north. Edith, Francie, Bertie & Lynn Seldon, Mrs. Dot Hutchinson, Lynn Stewart & Judy McClearn went out to Moose Harbor this morning, had a hot dog

lunch & spent the afternoon. I played golf with Hubert Macdonald, my score 96, Mac's something like 130 - he swears he's giving up the game.

THURSDAY, AUG. 27/53 Rain & dull weather the past three days. No golf. Working & thinking hard on my new collection of short stories. A man named L. G. Poole-Warren came to see me this afternoon. An Englishman, 60-ish, thin brown hair parted in the middle, large eyes, long lined face, false teeth, bland & well spoken. Says he left England in '46 because life there for a gentleman had become impossible, & is now running a small mill making oars & boat timber at Mahone Bay, which he calls the "Georgic Manufacturing Company Ltd" & was formerly owned by G. A. Wrotham & Son. Claims to be a family connection of the Duke of Norfolk & a former pal of the present Duke of Windsor. Says Windsor was pushed off the throne by Stanley Baldwin because he insisted that Britain should join Nazi Germany in a war to destroy Communist Russia, & that Windsor's affair with Mrs. Simpson provided Baldwin with the excuse. Says that Windsor's affair with Mrs. Simpson was only following example in his own family; that the late King George 6th had a passion for a cabaret hostess in Edinburgh when as Prince Albert he was courting Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon; that the English aristocrat Beryl Markham had a daughter by the Duke of Gloucester; that the Duchess of Kent before her marriage was the mistress of Coby, the Paris perfumier & so on. Poole-Warren has written an article or pamphlet setting forth his views on Windsor's dismissal, hopes to sell it to the Chicago Tribune (rabidly anti-British) or some other American journal for a large sum, wants me to help him prepare it for publication and

and share the profit. Without having read the thing, & judging it from his own preposterous though suave conversation, I suggested that the whole thing was scurrilous & probably libellous and told him bluntly I would have nothing to do with it. He insisted on leaving the stuff for me to read, asking me to write my opinion to him at Mahone Bay, & he would call for the papers later. And off he went.

Dinner tonight with E. at Mowbray & Phyl Jones', where our fellow guests were an American elderly widow, Mrs. Atwater, & a charming & intelligent couple, Mr. & Mrs. Ian Angus, both Canadians, now resident in the Dominican "Republic" (actually under the Lujillo dictatorship) where Angus runs a sugar plantation & mill for Vancouver interests. Mrs. Atwater a talkative bore. Angus a talkative delight - hilarious imitations of the bibulous British ambassador at Ciudad de Lujillo, of Dominican courts of justice, of the problems of doing business in a Hispano-Negro country where everything (even the Red Cross) is a personal racket of the dictator (Lujillo) & his family.

Aside, I asked Jones if by any chance he knew the man Poole-Warren. He said P-W called at the Mersey mill this afternoon, tried to sell them a lot of oars & failed, & then proposed that Mersey Paper Co. buy some shares in his company, which needed capital for "expansion". The answer was No.

FRIDAY, AUG. 28/53 A fine day, the first since Monday, and very hot. Golf this afternoon, played terribly but needed the air & exercise. Letter from young Tom, written in Tampa,

his last port of call on the way north. Letter from Stanley Salmen saying he is coming up to see me, will arrive Sept. 3rd & stay another day or so. Probably wants to discuss plans for my next novel. I shipped Peole-Warren's typescript and magazines back to him this morning by express-collect - and posted a letter advising him to burn the whole thing, for it was worthless.

Evening at Moose Harbor, where we saw two American destroyers and a large two-funneled ship, apparently a tender of some kind, lying at anchor in line ahead between Coffin's Island & the outer fairway buoy.

Today's Hfx newspaper mentioned the sudden death of Harvey Crowell's wife at St. Andrew's, N. B., where he had gone to play in the Maritime senior golf tournament. I wrote him a letter of sympathy tonight.

SATURDAY, AUG. 29/53

The hottest day this summer.

I sweated the whole morning, mowing & clipping the lawns. By noon the temp. was 92° in the shade. E. & I sat on the lawn all afternoon. At 5 p.m. Lou and Dolly Parrot arrived & we went to Moose Harbor for tea - the first time this summer that we have been able to set the table & benches outdoors & eat there & sit till dark. We then returned to town & played bridge till 10.30, when the Parrots departed for Greenfield.

Liverpool's hired ball team (mostly players from Holy Cross college, Boston) was defeated at Stetson today 7-2, in the final game for the provincial championship, for the second consecutive year.

SUNDAY, AUG. 30/53

Again very hot. After lunch I drove Francis & a party of girls to Summerhill Beach. Then back to town & picked up E. & went on to Moose Harbor, where we had tea & stayed till dusk. I strained

a ligament in the back of my shoulder while working with pick, crowbar & ax to remove three more old car spruce stumps from the grass plot just before the cabin. Very painful for a time, but it eased later.

Great trouble in starting my car engine, evidently a short-circuit in the wiring somewhere, not the fault of the battery, as Bain's had assumed.

MONDAY, AUG. 31/53

Again uncomfortably hot. Bain's found (what they should have found on the 19th.) that the brushes on my gen's generator were worn out or adrift, hence the battery was getting no charge & had run down. They replaced this (new) battery with another new one, fixed the generator, & all good's well. Francie left at noon today for Yarmouth by bus, to spend a week with Gertrude Ferguson at her aunt's. Wired Halmen that we would be delighted to see him & daughter Sally on Sep. 3rd. & 4th. Lou Parrot dropped in, said his second cabin at Greenfield (the one right by the river) had been robbed of several fine blankets & about \$100 worth of liquor. Had the Mounties out, & Archie Jodrey of Bangs Falls had handed over a pair of blankets & said he found them in the woods.

Working on my short stories most of the morning & afternoon in spite of the heat. In the evening E. & I drove to Milton, picked up Aunt Marie Bell, & spent the hours till dusk in the cool air of Moose Harbor. I occupied myself there with pick, crowbar & ax, & dug out 3 more stumps.

TUESDAY, SEP. 1/53

Fine but cooler, a relief. Townsman complain that Liverpool's hired ball players were anxious

to get home to Massachusetts for a brief holiday before college starts, & therefore made no effort to play well after Stellarton took the first two games of the finals. I have never approved of hiring American players in a so-called Nova Scotia amateur league, & the whole false set-up makes me laugh. So do the complaints. What could they expect of athletes, surely mercenary?

Today I received copies of Little, Brown's edition of "Sidefall", a good printing, & binding job, an attractive jacket. This is the earliest that any book of mine has appeared for Tally safe, & represents an effort & efficiency in the book publishing business, that has not been evident since the 1930's!

Golf this afternoon with C., score 86. Not many players out. Most of the American guests at White Point have gone home. Newspapers report that this year, for the first time, Canada's tourist trade had a big deficit. That is, Canadians spent millions more on travel in the U.S. than Americans spent in Canada. The reasons, Canadian prosperity during the present boom, the growing tendency of Canadians to spend the really frosty months of the year (Jan. Feb, March & April) in the warmth of California or the southern States, the premium that the Canadian dollar still commands over the American (now about 2%); and conversely the dislike of Americans for the adverse exchange rate, & the attraction of Europe, where U.S. money still commands a big premium. Heavy drop in the U.S. stock market, manifest during the past week, still going on. The reason, peace in Korea & the resultant cut-backs in U.S. defence expenditures despite the need proclaimed by Eisenhauer to maintain strong defence forces.

All our regular American summer visitors, Republican to a man & woman, confess that the U. S. boom, steady since 1941, is in for a slump at last, & that Eisenhower will be blamed for it, just as Hoover was.

Evening with E. at Moose Harbor, where I dug out two more stubborn tree-stumps. Hector Macleod put up a "Private Road" sign on our little side-track a week or two ago & it seems quite effective - a sudden drop in the number of strangers' cars visiting our lovely nook.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 2/53 Very hot. Lew Parrot blew in this morning, invited us to lunch at White Point, where we had a good meal in a semi-deserted diningroom. Afterwards sat outside under a big parasol watching the bathers, but it was burning hot there, so we returned to town, E. put up a picnic tea, & we three went to Moose Harbor & stayed till dark. Hector Macleod there, complaining that an attempt had been made to break into his cottage, apparently late last night, beer bottles strewn about the grass, etc. The second time this year.

THURSDAY, SEP. 3/53 Hot again. ~~The~~ The North Queen Co-operative Co. last night delivered the firewood I ordered, 1 cord of heavy maple, oak, beech & birch, sawn in 2 ft. lengths. Price \$16.50.

I was up at 7 this morning & got the whole thing into my cellar & neatly stacked on the farther side. Subbed & shared, then Stanley Salmen phoned from White Point, where he'd just arrived with his daughter Sally, 15, inviting E. & me out for lunch. It was good to see him again. After lunch we went into town, Edith packed up a picnic tea, & we removed to Moose Harbor & stayed till dark. Stanley is keen to see me started on

another novel, is full of ideas for developing some of my old short stories, or rather their characters, into novel-length books. I told him I'd been busy on short stories but I had some notion of a novel about an English war bride & the impact of a new country & its life & problems. He discussed it at some length, seemed a bit dubious; but then he was dubious about *The Nymph & The Lamp* when I first broached the theme.

MacLeod tells me he has notified the R.C.M.P. about burglary attempts at his cottage, & Corporal Dyke has promised to run out there off & on, late at night, in the police car in the hope of catching the culprits.

FRIDAY, SEP. 4/53 Again hot. Salmon came in from White Point this morning & we went to Moose Harbor, he & I, and talked over some notions of a novel. ~~Then~~^{We} then picked up C. & went on to White Point, where Sally joined us for lunch. In the afternoon Stan & I hired Harry Doggett to take us pollock-fishing. We went in Doggett's motorboat from White Point ~~to~~ Hunt's Point & fished on the White Point Pedges, 5 or 6 miles out. A fresh breeze & a choppy sea. Doggett had sea-angling rods & lines. We tried trolling with feather lures but had no luck. At bottom fishing we had more. Altogether we caught 15 pollock and 5 cod, about 200 lb. I was high-liner with a 25-lb cod. Returned to Hunt's Point, rejoined the ladies, had a wash-up & a drink at my house, & then back to White Point for dinner & a final chat. Nothing concrete came of these talks, & we expected none; but it was good for me to have the impact of Salmon's keen mind, & to know that he holds sufficient belief in me & my work that he found time to drive all this way to spend a day or two with me.

SATURDAY, SEP. 5, 1953 Fine & cool. Golf this afternoon with Smith, Russell & Sunlap. I had low score with 91, which included a maddening 9 on the fifth hole. Letter from D. C. Harvey asking if Edith would unveil the plaque to Marshall Saunders in Milton on Sep. 12th. (She is a first-cousin once removed, her grandfather Freeman's sister was Marshall Saunders' mother; & there are no nearer relatives now living.) E. said she would, & I wrote Harvey today. I pointed out that advance publicity in the local newspaper gave the name as "Grace Marshall Saunders", and hoped it was purely a newspaper error, for Grace was Marshall Saunders' younger sister.

Wrote John W. Hatt, Milton, enclosing Bain's bill for \$15.35 covering repairs to my car fender, & asking him to pay it.

Letter from W. H. Smith & Co. (Canada) Ltd, asking me to speak at one of their "literary luncheons" in Toronto on Nov. 4th. Mclelland & Stewart, whom they first approached, had written me previously, offering to pay my expenses to Toronto & back. Nothing doing.

Evening at Moose Harbor with E.

SUNDAY, SEP. 6/53 Off to White Point at 9 am. with Russell & Smith for 18 holes. Scores; Smith 109, Russell 89, mine 90. (I note that the club has placed my handicap at 19, it has been 21 hitherto.) Francie returned by bus from Yarmouth this afternoon, indignant because I had forbidden her to ride in the pillion seat of motorcycles, a craze amongst the jeunesse dorée of that town. E. & I drove up to see Aunt Marie Bell. She remembers Marshall Saunders well but cannot recall her first name. (According to Robert Long's "Annals of Queens County" it was

The weather bureau
dubs this storm
"Carol".

Margaret.) Dense fog at morning, a muggy still day, & the fog moving in again at dusk. Radio warnings of a hurricane due to strike the western N.S. coast on Monday afternoon & night. Tommie's ship is now in the Gulf of St. Lawrence & expected to dock at Montreal on Tuesday.

The C.B.C. broadcast tonight on "Days of Sail", a weekly hour-long affair, dealt with the privateers of Liverpool, N.S. in the War of 1812, & was devoted to a dramatized story of the career of Joseph Basso, Jr. & the "Liverpool Packet". The recording of Edith's voice, speaking of her privateering ancestors, was not used at all; and the story & most of the dialogue was lifted from C. H. J. Snider's "Under The Red Jack"; just as the whole idea and trend of the series has been drawn from my C.B.C. broadcast "Canada's Heritage of Sail", made in December, 1949.

MONDAY, SEP. 7/53

A misty humid night, & this morning an uneasy wind from the S. In my absent-minded way I went to the bank this morning to cash a cheque, found it locked, saw a crowd lining the street, & realised it was Labor Day. The parade came along, the usual straggle of papermakers in shirt sleeves, all out of step, the high school band, the Mersey mill band, and a smart girls' bagpipe band from New Glasgow. The bagpipers, & a brightly uniformed corps of "drum majorettes" from Shelburne, were the stars of the show. Half a dozen floats, one showing a replica of the Mersey mill firmly balanced on three pillars (rolls of newsprint) marked Labor, Management, Capital. The town firemen in uniform & marching well, followed by their apparatus. Then small boys of the Little League Baseball, each club in different colors.

The gale began to blow about noon, & soon rose to

gusts of 50 m.p.h. A fine mist with it but no rain. Trees toppled & branches fell, & the electric power was off from 3 p.m. to 7 p.m., so we had a cold supper. Afterwards I drove with E. to Western Head, & then to Moose Harbor, & watched huge green seas riding in & leaping up in white explosions on the rocks.

TUES
~~MON~~ DAY, SEP. 8/53

Sky cleared this morning. Everybody out with rakes clearing the rubbish of branches, sticks, leaves, etc. from walks & lawn. Several trees blew down in the town, & everywhere the streets are littered with leaves & twigs, bits of asphalt shingles, etc. I went to Dr. Charles Mac Intosh, the dentist, this morning, ~~to~~ and he replaced a front tooth filling that had broken away. I am to return Oct 6th. for a general dental check-up.

Radio & newspapers say the hurricane reached a force of 70 m.p.h. in gusts at some points on the coast. Much damage throughout western & central N.S. Estimated half the Valley apple crop thrown off the trees & ruined. (It had been estimated to yield 1,500,000 barrels, a low figure itself compared with the three-million-barrel crops of pre-1939 days. Thus the net crop this Fall will be the lowest in 50 years.)

Tommy's ship, the "Vinland" docked at Montreal yesterday. Golf with E. at White Point this afternoon, score 91. Sunny, with a fresh breeze, & the sea almost as calm as a pond. After tea we went to Moose Harbor & stayed till dark. I mowed the lawn before my shack, & worked with pick & shovel to remove a big rock near the fireplace.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 9/53

Sunny, fresh breeze, delightful day. As usual, all morning at my desk. Golf this afternoon with Hubert

Macdonald, my score 89, his terrible - he wouldn't add it up. While I was golfing young Tom arrived ^{home,} having travelled day & night in a taxi with four young seamen from the "Finland". They left the ship ^{in Montreal} yesterday at 1 p.m. (The taxi, a local one, had taken five seamen from here to the ship in Montreal, & Tom & the others returned in it, at a cost of \$25 each.) He looks well, sunburned, full of yarns about the summer's work & adventures; looks forward to spending next summer in the same ship. In 2½ months as a deckhand he earned about \$465, of which \$50 went in income tax & is refundable. He saved about \$300, & wanted to pay it towards college expenses. I told him to keep it for personal expenses & pocket money during the coming college year. I will pay his board & lodging & the tuition fees. The summer's experiences have unsettled him. He likes the sea life, & having talked with Bud Inness, who is second mate of "Finland", he's quite sure he could pass easily the navigation exams after putting in the necessary sea time. The pay & food at sea nowadays are quite good, & he sees more satisfactory prospects there than in the life of a civil or mining engineer - his prospective college goal. I can see his impression - I felt the same at sea when I was young - but I do want him to get the benefit of a college education which I never had, and for the lack of which I have studied all these years.

THURSDAY, SEP. 10/53. Again fine & cool. Lou Parrot came to lunch. Golf this afternoon with John Wickwar, Hubert Macdonald, Charles Holroyd. I had low score with 85. A curious result of Monday's storm. The corpse of Harold Swimm, drowned when his boat swamped in a

Liverpool Advance. SEP. 17 (THURSDAY) 1953

Unveil Plaque to Mark Birthplace of Author

SEP 12/53

Saturday in the quiet village of Milton, Canada honored the memory of Margaret Marshall Saunders, CBE, author of "Beautiful Joe".

A bronze tablet mounted on the Masonic Temple at Milton near her actual birthplace, was unveiled by Mrs. Thomas H. Raddall, wife of Dr. T. H. Raddall, Liverpool author and one of the few surviving relatives of the famous author. After pulling aside the flag covering the plaque, Mrs. Raddall read the inscription as follows: "Margaret Marshall Saunders, CBE, author of 'Beautiful Joe', which won for her international fame and membership in Humane Societies of America and Great Britain. Born at Milton, Queens County, N.S., 13th April 1816. Died in Toronto 15 February, 1947. Erected by the Government of Canada Historic Sites and Monuments Board".

Professor D. C. Harvey, Nova Scotia Representative of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board,

was chairman of the gathering and outlined the work of the Board before introducing Dr. Watson Kirkconnell, F.R.S.C., President of Acadia University, who was the principle speaker.

Dr. Kirkconnell paid tribute to Margaret Saunders as a "great Canadian woman" and pointed out that her "Beautiful Joe" was the first Canadian book to sell over 1,000,000 copies and was probably the only one to have been translated into 18 foreign languages.

Today, he said, the book, once so popular, no longer rated on the best-sellers' list of children's fiction.

"Perhaps an age that has supped full of the horrors of Nazi and Communist torture-camps, an age whose gorge has not risen at mass-massacre in Nagasaki and Hiroshima, has no longer the heart to be moved with sympathy for the recorded sufferings of dumb animals", Dr. Kirkconnell said.

"Yet I am confident that her day will come again", he added, "and that the plaque unveiled here today will testify to an enduring reputation."

Recording some of the tributes paid to the author including membership in the Institut Litteraire de Artistique de France and the bestowal of the title Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire by King George V, the speaker said the woman was herself incomparably greater than her books.

"In spite of her books", he said "she was never well off, for her royalties in the good years slipped away in countless expensive acts of mercy on behalf of suffering animals, and her old age was spent in straitened circumstances.

"She had a heart as big as Cape Blomidon and had placed the animal world forever nobly in her debt; yet towards herself and her fellow mortals she had a spirit of ironic insight that would have regarded today's ceremony with a certain amused incredulity."

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shall I." E.
the Kirkconnells

heavy sea off Port Jolie in Feb. 1951, was thrown upon the shore at Boyd's Cove near St. Catharines River. Found by a fisherman searching the shore for lost nets. Identified by clothing & by an old shotgun wound in the right ankle, suffered in a hunting accident, the pellets of which were still embedded in what remained of the flesh.

FRIDAY, SEP. 11/53 Another lovely day. Lou Parrot invited us to go with him to Shelburne, where he was taking two garrulous old ladies, Mrs. Sherman & Miss Archibald. After depositing the o.c.'s. at their Shelburne apartment we drove down past the former Canadian naval base to Sandy Point. Many of the naval buildings in use by small local industries, others vacant & neglected, grass growing long beside the asphalt roads, etc. Four Greek steamers at anchor off the old base, laid up for lack of cargoes, & taken here because the harbor is all but deserted & anchorage costs nothing. So I drove Lou's car from Shelburne to Ragged Islands Inn, where we lunched. The car is a luxurious Oldsmobile "98", with hydromatic drive, power steering & every imaginable gadget including an "eye" which picks up the glare of approaching headlights & automatically dims one's own. Tremendous power & wonderful springs. When you're going 70 or 80 m.p.h. it seems like 45 or 50 in my Ford. On the way back we called on Tommy & Joan (who had my car) bathing at the Bear Hole, Broad River, & then on Dorothy Wickwire at Hunt's Point. Lou had tea with us in L'pool & then drove off to Greenfield.

SATURDAY, SEP. 12/53 Fine again. Washed the car this morning & dusted & vacuum-cleaned the interior for the first time in months. Also moved the front & side lawns. This

afternoon drove with E. to Milton, picking up Mrs. Nell Willard on the way. The plaque in memory of Margaret Marshall Saunders (the name on it is correct) had been fastened to the front wall of the Masonic Hall facing the old Freeman house across the street where she was born. It was covered with a Nova Scotia flag which E. at the assigned moment slid aside on the wire from which it was hung. She then read the inscription aloud. Johnnie Forbes had arranged for a party of trumpeters (of the Jersey Paper Co. band) to play a verse of O Canada at the start of the ceremony and God Save The Queen at the close. Dr. D. C. Harvey made a few remarks on the work of the national Historic Sites & Monuments Board. Dr. Kirkconnel of Acadia University gave the address. He had been a close friend of Marshall Saunders in her later years & said that although modern critics dismiss her work as "childish" & "ill composed", the fact remains that she was the first Canadian author to sell more than a million copies of her books, & her works are still read & enjoyed by children in many lands. About 100 people were present on the little grass plot before the hall, & Johnnie had arranged for tea, sandwiches & cake to be served to the visitors later inside the building. Harvey, joking in his ponderous way, said to me, "I don't know who will arrange for the plaque to you, for of course I shall be dead." I said "And so shall I." E. invited Harvey & Bruce Ferguson & the Kirkconnels to come to Liverpool & have supper with us, but they were leaving for home at once. One thing impressed me more than anything else. Kirkconnel mentioned that Marshall Saunders

died old & poor, & her grave in her family's plot in a Toronto cemetery remains unmarked by a tombstone.

SUNDAY, SEP. 13/53 Overcast & cool. Tommy, Francis, Dorothy & Joan Wickwire, E. & I drove to Greenfield this morning & spent the day with Lou Parrot at his lodge. Lobster chowder for lunch. Dinner a tremendous meal of steaks broiled over an open wood fire, fried chicken, baked potatoes, salad, ice cream on cherry pie. Lou wanted a few rubbers of bridge, & Dorothy & I beat him & E. handsomely, having the best of the cards from first to last. The kids amused themselves with walks in the woods, & target practice with a .22 rifle on bits of driftwood in the river. Home at 9 p.m.

MONDAY, SEP. 14/53 Sunny, strong W. gale. My old enemy, lumbago, returned last week after a long absence, & today I am stiff & in pain at every move. Nevertheless after three days without real exercise I forced myself around the golf course this afternoon for a full 18 holes. The score was pitiful (104) but I felt better.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 16/53 A mit blanche. Gave up trying to sleep at last & came down to my den & read & smoked till daylight. Then to bed & slept heavily till almost noon. Douglas Bullock, (McClelland & Stewart salesman for the Maritimes) called & chatted a few minutes on his way to Shelburne. Says the advance sale of "Tidefall" in Canada will run to at least 8,000 copies, of which half are ordered in his territory. My lumbago still painful, & I lay on my couch most of the afternoon. Movies this evening, a stupid picture in color of something purporting to be Tunisia in the time of Barbarossa, Maureen O'Hara riding about the desert in costumes designed apparently by Schiaparelli or Dior, "Arabs" riding Western horses in

cowboy style, & speaking a most absurd dialogue in strong Californian accents, the hero wearing Russian boots & trousers, a 20th century polo shirt, an Arab head-dress & the expression of a cigar-store Indian. What trash!

THURSDAY, SEP. 17/53 Overcast & bleak. Learned this morning

that Dr. Jim Goodwin died suddenly some weeks ago. He was one of the most prominent obstetricians in Toronto & a keen philatelist & book-collector. He & his wife Kay entertained E. & me at their Toronto home when we were there last June.

Drove to Bridgewater this afternoon with E., who had her eyesight tested by Dr. Dunlap for a pair of glasses - her first.

Today, workmen digging up a sewer pipe on Gorham Street, alongside the town hall, came upon an old tombstone bearing the epitaph of Colonel Nathaniel Freeman, who died in 1779. Some wondered why he was buried there, on the old Gorham estate, when the town burying ground was then in use, only 300 yards or so along Main Street. The explanation seems simple. The stone was removed from the old town burying ground & used to cover a drain in Gorham Street, probably by workmen laying the first sewer there 50 or 60 years ago.

For many years (in fact until the early 1930's when the present iron fence was erected) the old cemetery was open to vandals, & many of the tombstones were thrown down or removed. Several have turned up since as doorsteps, etc, with the epitaph side down. In fact, as far as I can see, for many years anybody wanting a nice long flat stone for any purpose simply went to the old graveyard at night & took a tombstone. A sad example of the lack of respect, & even interest, in local antiquities, which still persists.

FRIDAY, SEP. 18/53

Golf this afternoon with C. Got very warm & wet with perspiration, then chilled as the sky clouded & the wind came east. All this brought on a violent attack of the lumbago which has been troubling me for the past fortnight. All evening & all night in agony.

Noted in driving past that the new library building, after long delays in digging & building the concrete basement, is now up in frame & boarded in. It looks small, but it was all we could do with the money we had, & will be a vast improvement over the one small room in Town Hall. The American stock market is still going down, & the Montreal & Toronto exchanges as usual reflect the American attitude, which at present is one of doubt & fear after the long extravagance of the boom.

SATURDAY, SEP. 19/53

Dr. Herbert L. Stewart, long a professor of philosophy at Dalhousie, died in Toronto today aged 71. He founded the Dalhousie Review in 1921, was active in newspaper & radio work, & for a fee would go anywhere & make an address to anybody about anything. I found him a kindly, garrulous man, rather a bore, but he had a good mind & will probably remain in Dalhousie's history as one of its outstanding teachers.

Young Tom & his friends had a final party at Moose Harbor this evening, before they scatter towards college etc. I was indoors all day with lumbago.

SUNDAY, SEP. 20/53

My back improves, & this morning I went to church with my family, our first appearance together there since the summer holidays began. This afternoon we all drove up to Milton & visited Aunt Marie Bell on her birthday, bringing a birthday cake with

candles & presenting her with a group photograph of ourselves.
MONDAY, SEP. 21/53 Wet weather. Working hard on the short stories - last night till 2 a.m. Got a cheque from Little, Brown & Co., for \$3500, advance against royalties on "Sidefall". (U.S. exchange, a discount of 2% = \$70.00) Letter from my aunt Jessie Raddall, father's sister, now nearly 80 & living in retirement near London.

TUESDAY, SEP. 22/53 One of the happiest days of my life, for I took young Tom to college, where he can enjoy a privilege & an experience that I never had. Edith & Franice came along, & we took with us Paul Chandler, now starting his second year at Acadia, & young Al Hutchinson, a freshman like Tom. Tom drove all the way to Wolfville. We took along a picnic lunch & went by way of Halifax to have a chat with Grandma Raddall. The weather was wet so we ate our provisions at the Gamester house in Jollimore, while chatting with Mum, at noon. Then over to Simpson's-Sears store, where Tom got a sport jacket & a good grey suit. Arrived at Wolfville at 3:15 p.m., dropped Al off at Willet Hall, & Paul & Tom at War Memorial Residence (known as "The Barracks") where they will share a top-floor room amongst a group of theological students. (Paul observed, "We shall see who will convert who.") Paul & Tom carried their baggage & such impedimenta as a lamp & an electric hot-plate up three flights of stairs. (A group of sophomores watched this with interest. One of them, seeing Paul carrying his own bags, called out from a window, "Hey Paul! Haven't you heard? Freshmen do that." Paul grinned & went on. I daresay the freshmen will have plenty to do for

the sofas before this week is out. Francie met a summer friend of hers, David Langille, of Yarmouth, also a freshman at Acadia, & brought him over & introduced him. Edith delivered at the Old Seminary (ladies' residence) some extra stuff Mrs. Wickwire had sent up for Jean. Altogether it was a busy scene, about six hundred youngsters of both sexes swarming in & out of the various buildings, laughing, calling out to acquaintances, and cars drawing up & unloading students & their belongings. Francie was delighted with the whole thing & hopes to join the throng herself in another year.

We drove on along the valley. Stopped at a wayside farm-produce shop to buy apples, pears, tomatoes, squash etc. Had a huge & delicious meal at the American House, Middleton, & then drove on home. The sun was just breaking out of the clouds at sunset, as we crossed over the wooded hills towards New Germany, & in that light everything was lovely.

Letter from Wm. Kaye Lamb saying that the Perkins diary had been carefully microfilmed & was now on its way back to L'pool, by express, & insured for \$2,000.

THURSDAY, SEP. 24/53 A cold night, temp. 40° when I arose at 6.30 a.m. Found that the stovepipe in my den had ~~the~~ rusted through at the elbow joint, next to the oil stove. Much difficulty getting it off, & putting on a new one, which I got from Pentz. Fried golf this afternoon with C., but the session of lumbago has ruined my game. I quit after 9½ holes, came home, washed the car & the lower house windows with a new hose-brush affair I got from Simpsons - Sears. Had some of our Valley corn on the cob at supper, & huckleberry pie.

FRIDAY, SEP. 25, 1953

Cold night, fine day. Douglas Bullock, Maritime salesman for Mclelland & Stewart, arrived from Hfx this forenoon reporting sales of "Sidefall" going well. He had lunch with us, & then went out to White Point with me to play 18 holes. A dark young man named Cox, a New Englander, asked if he could play with us & we spent the afternoon together. Cox turned out to be a crack golfer. His first 9 holes (utterly unfamiliar with the course) he did in 43, his second in 33. (Pat is 70) Bullock's score for 18 holes was 114, mine 95. Got back to town at 6 p.m. Bullock had tea with us & left for Hfx soon after. Received my first fan letter re "Sidefall", an enthusiastic screed from a man in Michigan. Package from Joe Holliday enclosing 3 enlargements of his photo of Monsarrat & me in the quadrangle at Hart House. Letter from Hugh Kane saying Mclelland & Stewart are shipping 50 copies of "Sidefall" to be autographed & returned to Toronto.

SATURDAY, SEP. 26/53

Letter from young Tom asking for \$38 for books & \$80 for drafting instruments. Says he's had to polish a number of sophomores' shoes but so far has been lucky in the hazing. I received my first fan mail re "Sidefall" ~~today~~ ^{yesterday}, an enthusiastic letter from a man in Michigan. Also my first book-review on it, from the Chicago Tribune of all things, and very favorable. Golf this afternoon, alone, played badly. Chatted with Douglas Tozer, new principal of Liverpool schools. He says the schoolrooms are now crowded, 50 or 60 to a class, & classes being held in the library, the basements, etc. Says Liverpool must have another school, & that quickly. The proposed rural high school will not ease the situation much, if at all. Wants a big new common school.

SUNDAY, SEP. 27/53 Rain. Frances (our own "Typhoid Mary") brought home a load of cold germs yesterday, which promptly passed to me, & thus she opened officially the autumn & winter season. Edith & I went to a church this morning. Francis pleaded her cold & stayed home. She was supposed to watch the dinner pots but when we got home the dinner was a charred mess. After E. had peeled & cooked another lot of vegetables etc., the girl came down & ate a hearty meal, completely unperturbed. The same at tea-time. In the evening she went out to see her friends. This is the sort of thing which E. condones, even defends against my criticism, & can lead only to one end.

MONDAY, SEP. 28/53 Misery — sneezing violently, continually, eyes & nose streaming. As usual I soon exhausted a good stock of handkerchiefs & as usual resorted to a bath towel.

TUESDAY, SEP. 29/53 The third day of misery. Laid on my back, mopping at eyes & nose & mouth with the towel — and O God, the long dreary nights, impossible to sleep for more than a few minutes, & then with mouth open, snoring, & hearing oneself snore even in "sleep". Towards evening the incessant sneezing (each spasm of which seemed to tear my congested lungs from corner to corner) eased off at last, a relief so great that I felt actually happy, & could at last eat something more solid than hot soup.

Letter from Hutchinsons of London, reminding me of their option on my next book, & asking for a copy of "Lidefall". Mc Belland & Stewart have sent me 50 copies of the Canadian edition to be autographed & returned to them. Actually it is the Little, Brown, edition, which they imported in sheet form, bound by a Canadian firm, & bearing the name of M. & S. on the jacket. Radio news from Hfx

Today says Dr. Kerr, president of Dalhousie, has announced that the practice of hazing freshmen will cease at once, and permanently. There had been rumors of this before the announcement. Apparently some incidents occurred which aroused the wrath of the board of governors & senate. A good thing, too. Hazing is bullying in its worst form, & under its cover a good deal of sadism takes place.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 30/53

Up at 7 a.m. & got my own breakfast, glad to be on my feet again, although my lungs are still tight & sore & I have a terrific cough. Autographed the 50 copies of Sidefall (they checked out 48 actually), re-packed them, & shipped them (express collect) back to M. & V. Also mailed a copy of the American edition to Hutchinson's. Wrote Hugh Kane, saying I had shipped the M. & V. books, & I had autographed 4 especially for Jack McBllelland, George Stewart, George Foster & himself. Tonight I attended a meeting of the financial committee of the Library Assn. Par Webbsman produced blueprints & said we must raise \$600 or \$700 for shelving, quite apart from the book cases & shelves now owned by the Assn., & from the cases being donated by the Jones family. Mabe Jones said we should raise the money by canvass; but several of us pointed out that from now till Xmas the public will be assailed by demands for all sorts of charities etc.; also the members of the Anglican church are being canvassed vigorously for funds for a new organ; & members of the United Church are confronted by a bill for \$12,000 for recent repairs & renovations, which the trustees insist must be paid off in 3 years. So we decided to call a general meeting of the Assn. to approve a motion to borrow the \$600 or \$700. Actually, as far as I can see, this will mean borrowing

from a bank with several of us personally endorsing the Association's note. The lady members of the committee had a lot more interest & pleasure in discussing & choosing colors for floor tile, & for the interior walls of the new building. With that done we adjourned.

FRIDAY, OCT. 2/53 I should have mentioned yesterday that it was my mother's birthday & I ordered flowers to be sent her by a lftx. florist. Today was sunny & warm & I worked outdoors all day from 9 a.m. until nearly 6 p.m. (one hour out for dinner), getting storm windows down from the overhead racks in the garage, & all the usual tedious labor of washing the house windows & storm windows, then applying Bon Ami scouring powder on each pane, both sides, letting it dry, wiping it off, giving the glass a final inspection & polish & finally screwing the storm windows in place. All this work to get 14 lower-floor storm windows on. There are ~~3~~ 4 more downstairs to be put on (with the above preliminaries) & 4 upstairs; but these can go on later.

Letter from Jack McEllland, moved by the fact that today "Sidefall" goes on sale in Canada. "I thought I would drop you a line & tell you again how very proud we are to be your Canadian publishers & to have the opportunity of bringing another of your books to the Canadian market. There are three reasons for our enthusiasm. First & foremost you're a wonderful guy to do business with. Secondly, you are Canada's most outstanding author today. And thirdly, we think you are Canada's best-selling author. What more could a publisher ask?"

SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1953

Sunny & cool. Golf this afternoon with Maurice Russell, Charlie Williams & Newbray Jones. All of us but Jones played very badly, but it was a nice day anyway. Jones told me something of his family's difficulties with La Ferme de la Bonne Entente, which C. & I visited with him a year ago. They have been trying to sell the place ever since Colonel Jones died, meanwhile running it as a small de luxe hotel. A few months ago they got an offer of \$210,000 from a wealthy Roman Catholic order, the Oblate Fathers. A sale was arranged, & the Oblate Fathers paid \$25,000 to bind the bargain. Then it was discovered that the town of Sainte Foy has a law forbidding the sale of any further land or buildings to the church; this because church property in Quebec is tax-exempt, & what with the new Laval University site, etc., something like 46% of the property in Ste. Foy is now so exempt. The Jones' agent, a trust company in Quebec city, holds the Oblates firmly to their bargain, the Oblates are trying (a) to gain a sale ^{and tax} concession from the town of Ste. Foy, and (b) to break the bargain with the Jones'.

SUNDAY, OCT. 4/53

Still in bad shape, my cold worse, shouldn't have played golf yesterday or worked all day Friday at the windows. Church this morning with C. & Francis. Fine warm afternoon, drove with C. to Kempt & back, returning through Hibernia. The maples are in color now but it is not a good "color" year - the maple leaves seem shrivelled already, as they did last year.

My right eye very bloodshot & sore, with a "poached-egg" swelling beneath it, & a discharge that turns crystalline on the lower lid. A complication of my cold.

TUESDAY, OCT. 6, 1953 Wet & bleak. Sentish this morning - two fillings & more to come. Bill Deacon has sent me a copy of the new edition of his "Four Jameses". Library Association had a meeting last night to approve borrowing \$500 for shelves etc. in the new library. It means that several of us will have to endorse the Association's note, to satisfy the bankers, but it must be done.

THURSDAY, OCT. 8/53 Miserable weather, wind & rain at 40° Fahr. My cold still clings. Beatrice Macdonald & Mrs. Williams had dinner with us & spent the evening chatting by the fire.

FRIDAY, OCT. 9/53 A fine day at last. Autographed a lot more copies of "Sidefall" for MacLeod this morning. Played 18 holes, alone, at White Point this afternoon - my first exercise in a week. Score 91.

SATURDAY, OCT. 10/53 Still snuffling, coughing & wheezing after a fortnight of struggle with this cold. Golf this afternoon with Murray Jones, his score 89, mine 101. Warm & sunny, like summer, many players out. Tom Jr. arrived home for Thanksgiving, full of years of college life.

SUNDAY, OCT. 11/53 Church this morning, all of us. A good large congregation for Thanksgiving Sunday. The preacher's dais decorated with maple leaves & a modest display of red apples, pumpkins & other vegetables. It is always difficult to make a good display of the fruits of the earth here in South Queens where there are no orchards or farms worth mentioning, & I fancy most of the stuff in church this morning came from the grocery stores. Played 9 holes at White Point this afternoon, alone. Sunny but cold. Called on Aunt Marie Bell & presented her with a copy of my book.

Monday, Oct. 12/53

Rainy & cold for Thanksgiving Day.

Indoors all day reading by the fire. Marie Freeman joined us for dinner & we consumed a six-pound fowl. At 3 p.m. young Lom left with Paul Chandler for Acadia.

Wednesday, Oct. 14/53

The short stories are slowly taking shape. Golf yesterday (96) & again today (89) in bright cool weather. Frosty nights. I begin to feel myself again, after the bout of lumbago that lasted all through September, & then the terrific cold which seized me on Sep. 27th, although I still have a bit of cough & sore throat, & can't smoke many cigarettes without severe bronchial reaction.

Ken Jones, Mowbray Jones & I have endorsed the library association's note, & also (how cautious the banks are!) signed a receipt saying that we got the \$500 personally.

In Korea the two sides are digging in, on each side of the armistice line, while neutral Indian troops guard the controversial prisoners, Chinese & North Korean, taken by U.N. forces, who do not wish to be repatriated. In Egypt the British are slowly coming to an agreement with Naguib's govt. on the removal of British forces from the Suez Canal zone. In Malaya & Kenya, British forces are still hunting down armed bandits. Within the past week a new trouble spot appeared in British Guiana, where the local socialist party, led by a Hindu with an American Jewish wife, took office as the government recently. The British government has landed a strong force of troops, declaring the Hindi's party communist & engaged in a plot with Moscow, and Washington has announced its approval of the British move.

THURSDAY, OCT. 15/53 Fine & warm. In re-puttying the south window in E's bedroom this morning I found the whole sash rotten. Francis's window on that side little better, & no doubt much other woodwork on that (the south) side is the same, for it gets the most sun & the most rain. The house badly needs painting, & before that can be done the old paint (accumulated in 20 years) must be burned off, a slow & expensive job as painters' work goes nowadays. The house interior also needs re-painting & papering. All in all it looks as though I must spend at least \$1,000 on these matters next year.

Golf this afternoon with E., score 95. Whether I wrenched it in some way at golf, or whether it is some new & excruciating form of the rheumatism that afflicts me from time to time, my right shoulder developed a crippling & severe pain this evening.

Austin Parker dropped in, soliciting funds for the recent repairs to Zion United Church. I had sent the treasurer a cheque for \$50 a fortnight or so ago as a contribution to general church funds, but I gave him a cheque for another \$50.

FRIDAY, OCT. 16/53 Up all night with severe pains in my right shoulder socket. Severe pain all day. Even writing this entails much care & pain. Helen Crowell came to tea, & afterwards we went to Milton & spent the evening with Ches LeGrow & his wife, & Annie Ritchie. Ches has the latest high-fidelity phonograph apparatus & a fine collection of records - Beethoven, Haydn, Bach, Mozart, & for variation The Melads & Anna Russell. A most charming evening.

SATURDAY, OCT. 17/53 Another painful & sleepless night, spent mostly in my den, reading & smoking. E. left for Hfx at 7 a.m. with the Hubert Macdonalds, for a day's

shopping. I went to Dr. Wickwire, who told me I had torn a muscle in the shoulder. He stabbed the afflicted portion of my shoulder deeply with a hypodermic needle & put in a shot of novocain. This felt fine for half an hour, but after that the original pain was back, aggravated by the needle thrusts. Couldn't bear to sit or lie down, so I put on hat & jacket & spent most of the afternoon walking slowly in the sunshine along the river to Milton & back.

Long & enthusiastic review of "Sidefall" by Morgan-Powell in Oct 10th. Montreal Star. Says it is my best book. I don't think so.

SUNDAY, OCT. 18/53 Slept heavily last night, exhaustion probably, but my arm is not so painful this morning.

I attended Trinity Church this morning & found a thin congregation, not more than 100 including the choir. Something wrong with the organ (I believe they are trying to raise funds for a new one), & music came tinnily from a piano placed behind the lectern. Afterwards walked up the street with Dorothy (Royal Bank manager's wife) Hutchinson, who like me was brought up on firm low church principles & now finds herself an alien amidst the increasingly High Church ritual & practice here.

This afternoon in warm sunshine drove with E. to Greenfield, where we parked the car at Doggett's summer cottage & walked to the end of the road along the lake shore. Then drove down the Medway, as usual meeting cars & trucks in all the narrow & awkward places & having to back up.

I had to drive mostly with my left hand, being unable to reach the top of the steering wheel with my right, & unable to put much stress on it anywhere. After reaching Liverpool went to Moose Harbor to see

that my shack was alright. After tea drove to Milton to see Aunt Marie Bell. Francis finds herself in great demand as a baby-sitter nowadays, (at 25¢ an hour) and is rarely in bed before midnight.

MONDAY, OCT. 19/53

Lovely warm day, the best in a long succession of fine days since the 9th. My arm much improved, but not nearly enough for golf (which Doc Wickwire forbids in any case) so this afternoon I walked to Milton & back, in shirtsleeves & carrying my cap & jacket. Met Austin Parker, who says we should go to Eagle Lake next week for the annual deer hunt.

TUESDAY, OCT. 20/53

The South Shore representative of the Encyclopaedia Britannica sold me a set of the 1953 edition, with bookcase, this morning. Price \$323.00. There is no reduction for full payment in cash, so I signed the standard contract, which calls for a cash payment of \$11, and further payments of \$13 per month, beginning Dec. 1st, for 24 months. The salesman, Karl Beyreis, of East Chester (his name rhymes with "iris") is a Dane long domiciled in this country who knows this territory thoroughly. He has agreed to try to sell my 1930 edition & bookcase somewhere in the countryside, & feels confident he can get \$100 for it. (His company does not accept "trade-ins".)

This afternoon again calm & warm. I went to Moose Harbor & worked on the big window shutters, planing a strip off the tops so they will slip into place more easily. Took off the screen door & put on the storm door. Spent the rest of the afternoon digging earth in the woods at the rear, sifting it, & using the screened residue to fill hollows in the glass plot before the shack where I removed tree-stumps last summer.

Frank Willis phoned from Hfx, is coming down here Friday with a technician to get a further tape-recording of old Will Smith, also to see me about "Lidefall".

Coincidentally I had a letter from H. R. Hatheway of CBC Halifax, asking if I would do some talks on the national network this winter.

THURSDAY, OCT. 22/53

Dull drizzly weather for the past 2 days. This evening Pat Messman (representing the L'pool Kwanis Club) & I (representing Liverpool Library Assoon.) were invited to attend a meeting in Bridgewater to discuss regional libraries for the South Shore. It was held at East Side Manor, where we had a very good turkey dinner to begin with. Peter Grossman, who is the N.S. govt. supervisor of regional libraries, was there with his wife, & Miss Letto, his assistant. We were shown a film of regional library services & "book-mobiles" in the State of Alabama, & Grossman followed it with a talk. A scheme had been drawn up for a service to Lunenburg, Queens & Shelburne counties with the chief library assumed to be at Bridgewater, & subsidiary libraries at L'pool & Shelburne, plus bookmobiles touring from these to the outlying districts & visiting the chief villages at least once a month. Each of the 3 towns must provide its own library space & shelves. (We in L'pool are just completing a new library building, designed for our ^{own} purpose but readily adaptable to this. None of the other towns has one. Bridgewater has a room in the town hall.)

The regional library service, financed half by the local taxpayers & half by the provincial govt., will provide a trained librarian for each of the 3 ~~towns~~ County towns, plus a clerical staff of 3 for the regional office, presumably at Bridgewater, plus a bookmobile & driver, plus all the books. The books are of course lent free to any man woman or child who wants them. Grossman had made

an estimate of the cost which was set before us thus:—

	POPULATION	TAX LEVY COST
Lunenburg county	33,256	\$ 9,975.00
Queens county	12,544	3,750.00
Shelburne county	14,392	4,325.00
	60,192	\$ 18,000.00
Add: provincial grant		18,000.00
TOTAL		\$ 36,000.00

Worked out on a per capita basis this is very cheap. But in practice, as in all joint expenditures of the towns & the municipalities, the towns would find themselves paying most of it, in addition to providing library space & shelves.

The Lunenburg county representatives had obviously discussed the whole thing long beforehand & came apparently prepared to accept the proposition & to agree amongst themselves on the joint tax-levy. More, they seem ready to go ahead with a service for their own county even if Queens & Shelburne fail to do so. No Shelburne representatives turned up, & Wessman & I, to whom the whole thing was new, could only ask questions & learn what we could. In Liverpool the sound & fury (led by editor Day) over the new library building has barely died away. This is no time to ask for further library services which would undoubtedly cost the town \$2500 a year, much of it for the benefit of rural districts, & with the central office located not in the geographical centre of the south shore (which is here) but in the rival market town of Bridgewater. But we must work towards this goal. At the present moment Liverpool has come face to face with the need for a large new school, which is going to make a big

jump in the tax rate, & any attempt to breach the regional library subject would meet with a flat No.

FRIDAY, OCT. 23/53 Heavy rain & S.E. wind all day. Frank Willis & a technician named McNaughton, of CBC, arrived from Nfa today & had lunch with us. Willis wanted me to arrange a further tape-recording of old Will Smith talking about his time in square-rigged ships. This I did & we spent the afternoon at Smith's house, then dinner at the Mersey Hotel, & finally chatting at our house over rum & cigars until well after midnight.

SATURDAY, OCT. 24/53 ~~Beysie's~~ Left for Eagle Lake in pouring rain with Parker, Dunlap, Brent Smith & Al Hutchinson for a deer hunt. P., S. & H. went out on Sunday, Smith returning to camp Tuesday, & Roy Gordon coming in on Wednesday. It rained every day & night for seven days except Tuesday, the only real hunting day we had, when Dunlap & I went by canoe to Long Lake & hunted diligently from there to Eagle Lake without seeing a deer or much sign of game of any sort. The swamps were flooded, brooks were torrents, the lakes grey, & we spent day after day staring out at the rain or playing endless rubbers of bridge. I made a trip out to town on Wednesday for a dental appointment. While I was at home, Beysie's called; he has sold my old Britannica for \$100 & brought \$20 paid on account. I returned to camp that afternoon.

All this rainy time the temperatures were high for this time of year, ranging between 58° and 68° & in the dank wet woods one could not walk a hundred yards without pouring ~~in~~ sweat. On Friday (still drizzling, & radio reports indicating no change) Gordon & I called it a trip & tramped out to

Big Falls, got into our cars & came home. No one had seen or even heard a deer in all that time.

The truth is that game has become very scarce in the Eagle Lake country, especially during the past five years. When we first began hunting there in 1931 much of the area was second-growth forest & young hardwood, excellent browse for big game; moose & deer were plentiful, so were rabbits & partridge. Since then the hardwood has died out under a steadily growing forest of hemlock & spruce, & the game has moved out. Today there are some partridge, few rabbits, few deer & no moose at all. Yet it is an area seldom reached by hunters & we have had it almost to ourselves for 22 years, & our game kill has been moderate.

After this week's experience we agreed that our annual week-long hunting trips should come to an end. The quantity of game there is too small to warrant a whole week's vacation at the risk of the weather. When we were younger we hunted, rain or no rain, because one could be sure of seeing deer in the course of a few hours' tramp each day, & for the chance of a shot one didn't mind being wet. Henceforth, we plan to spend a week-end or two at Eagle Lake in the Fall, for old times' sake, but that is all.

SATURDAY, OCT. 31/53 Still drizzling at intervals. Hector & Brent arrived from Eagle Lake this afternoon with a young (3-prong) buck that Hector shot in the brook meadow on the last morning, the one stroke of luck in the whole trip. Letter from Reynolds, enclosing certified cheque of Mrs. Thomas for \$80⁰⁰/₁₀₀, the balance due on my 1930 Britannica. His commission

for selling the set, transporting it to Indian Point, and collecting the money, is \$7.00, a most modest charge.

SUNDAY, Nov. 1/63 A grey bleak day. To church this morning with Francis & E. Zion Church was celebrating an anniversary & Rev. Murray Macdonald, a former pastor, came from Sydney to preach at the morning service. A very large congregation. To Milton this p.m. to call on Aunt Marie Bell. Hector Dunlap there, & told me how he got his deer.

All the reviews of *Sidefall* I have seen or heard to date, have been favorable. Some, like V. Morgan-Powell's in the *Montreal Star*, & Bill Deacon's amendment to his original review in the *Toronto Globe* ("the most powerful novel ever written by a Canadian") were too fulsome. The book is not that good by any means. However tonight on the C.B.C. broadcast called "Critically Speaking", one James Grey, a professor of English at Bishop's College, speaking in an Oxfordish accent, gave *Sidefall* quite a blast. He said I am alright when I write about the sea (like Powell, Deacon & others he likened me to Conrad, which is absurd, I'm not that good either), but when I write about domestic contemps my dialogue is "trite" and "humdrum" and in places "almost ridiculous".

He also reviewed Monsarrat's new novel "Esther Costello" in much the same vein, & advised us both to stick to the sea hereafter. I wonder if *Sidefall's* ironic references to the "refined" English accent affected by Mrs. Caraday had anything to do with the professor's judgement on my book. He sounded to me like an Englishman, or a Canadian who had studied at an English university & acquired just such an accent. Anyhow I stand admonished but uncrushed.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 4, 1953

N.W. wind & cold & cloudy, now & then a gleam of sunshine but no more. Still working on the short stories. This afternoon I washed & put on two of the storm windows on the windy side of my den. Then drove to Moose Harbor & put the shutters on all windows there. Found that someone had worked hard to open the (padlocked) door of the privy by removing the screws of the hinges. Nothing touched or damaged. Apparently one of the fishermen had noticed the door hanging from the padlock later, & tacked the hinges back with shingle nails.

McBaul came with a sample of the new "glass heat" electric radiator. I want to do away with the oil stove & leaky chimney in my den, but I like having a source of heat there independent of the main house furnace. However these "glass heat" panels cost \$50 to \$70 each, & to heat my den adequately in winter weather (exposed as it is on three sides) would take 5 panels. So I asked him to extend hot & cold air ducts from the house furnace, which he thought he could do for about \$50 altogether.

THURSDAY, Nov. 5/53

Bluddy & cold. Played 18 holes alone at White Point, my first golf since Oct. 15th. Had to wear gloves for the first six holes. Nobody else out, but a long cortege (30 or 40 cars) came out to bury one MacLeod, a War 2 veteran aged 37, in the bleak little graveyard opposite No. 5 fairway. My new Britannica came by freight from Toronto.

FRIDAY, Nov. 6/53

Finished the short story "Naval Honors", based on an actual occurrence here in 1943 or '44. Letter from Jack McCrelland saying Harlequin (pocket-books) want to get out a Canadian paper-back edition of "Pride's Fancy" now, & of "Lidfall" in 1954. Fee is \$500 in each case, of which M. & S. take half.

Spent the afternoon raking up fallen leaves & burning them in the old steel drum behind the garage. Also replaced broken glass in the front storm door & hung the door; and took off the kitchen window screen & put on the big storm window in its place. The temp. last night was 28°, our first real snap of frost. Austin Parker called, suggesting that I go with him tonight to Eagle Lake, sleep at the camp, & get away before daylight in a canoe for a day's deer-hunting at Long Lake. I didn't like the look of the weather - a scud coming up from the south, & I didn't fancy being caught in Long Lake in a gale of wind & rain, so I said No.

SATURDAY, Nov. 7/53 Rain began falling this morning, & by noon we had a violent S.E. gale that blew all day. Looking over my new Britannica I find it little changed in most matters from my old 1930 edition. The article on Canadian literature by L. J. Burpee is exactly the same, listing his own book on Sandford Fleming (published 1915) as an important biography, and adding to the list of "outstanding" novels nothing later than Callaghan's "More Joy in Heaven", published 1937. The volumes are still cluttered with long articles on the separate battles of War One; while War Two is dismissed in one long ~~summary~~ ^{summary}, mostly in fine print, which omits all mention of the long & bloody campaigns in Burma, amongst other things. Where articles (e.g. the airplane) have been brought up to date, it has been done without revising the previous text but simply by tacking ^{on} a number of paragraphs in fine print, difficult to read. Copyright the author's name (which I knew well) and the title of all books, N.S. were destroyed by fire. Including origin.

SUNDAY, Nov. 8/53

The gale continued all last night, with floods of rain. This morning wind & rain ceased.

& there was a little watery sunshine this afternoon. Drove with E. to Petite Riviere via Italy Cross, thence along the newly paved road to Lahave, & so on home via Bridgewater. Called on Aunt Marie Bell & sat half an hour in a nauseous reek of boiled cabbage, hearing the village gossip.

With completion of their last naval refitting job about a month ago, Steel & Engine Products Co. have laid off about 200 men. This kind of work was artificial, it simply meant taking corvettes & minesweepers etc. that had been laid up somewhere since 1945, refitting them, & towing them away to be laid up again; & it was prompted by the Russian scare which began with the Korean war in 1950, & the Navy's desire to have these wartime refitting plants fully manned and tooled. With the easing of tension & peace in Korea the Navy has begun to economize. It looks as if Stenpro may now have to depend on normal peacetime business, for which a staff of 100 or 150 men will suffice. One of their hopes is the manufacture of a small diesel engine suitable for fishing boats, a project on which the firm's former boss, the late Harry Thompson, spent much time & money in the 1930's. Such an engine, with its cheaper fuel, could displace the present gasoline engines used in small fishing craft all along the east coast - if the diesel could be sold cheap enough. The new "Perkins-Stenpro" engine sells for about \$2,000, which seems a lot, even in these days of fishing prosperity. Meanwhile our merchants moan about the 200 men laid off, & the loss of their trade.

Monday, Nov. 9/53 The first fine day since Oct. 27th. Sunny & mild. I played 18 holes at White Point, score 95, very good considering the sodden state of the course & the long grass on the greens. Three other players out. Tonight with E., Vera Parker, Gladys & Beatrice Macdonald, I attended a concert by Erna Sack, the German soprano. She had been brought here by a joint musical committee of the Liverpool J.O.D.E. & the local branch of the Business & Professional Women's Club, under an arrangement by which Madame Sack received 60% of the "gate" & local charities the rest. (She got \$300) The high school auditorium was filled with people, many from Bridgewater, & some from Lunenburg & Shelburne. I am inclined to shrink away from sopranos, who usually scream like mad; but Sack was wonderful. Her program mostly lieder but she sang one or two arias to demonstrate her range & sounded her high notes so clearly, sweetly & softly, that one was charmed. Afterwards there was a reception at the Lozer's house, where I had a chance to chat with Madame & her husband, & with her pianist Gilbert Hill.

Tuesday, Nov. 10/53 Again a fine day. Golf this afternoon with E., score again 95. Franice went with a small party of girls to skate in the Bridgewater rink tonight.

Wednesday, Nov. 11/53 Armistice Day. The usual service sponsored by the Canadian Legion at town hall, with wreaths placed against the soldiers' monument. A calm, grey day. Golf again this afternoon score 99. Letter from Stanly Salmen says "Tidefall isn't doing well at all. We have sold a total of 3,118 and the general impression is that it is an excellent book about the wrong hero." Evidently the U.S. reviews have not been good. I suppose a book in which the hero is also the

villain does not suit the U.S. public's fancy. Salmen warned me of this when I was writing it, but "Sax Nolan" was a character I had to put on paper, & I think in the long run the book's validity will be recognised by the discerning, if not the general public.

THURSDAY, Nov. 12/53

Another cool, calm grey day. Golf this afternoon, the only player out. Stepping off N^o 1 tee I picked up a copper medal or token commemorating the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. I rubbed the mud off it & put it in my pocket. It was like rubbing Aladdin's lamp, for I played N^o 1 hole in 3 strokes for the first time, & in spite of sodden fairways, long grass on the greens etc. I holed out at the 18th with a score of 89.

Yesterday, after running perfectly for seven years, our refrigerator ceased operating. Tonight Herbert Manthorne came in to inspect it, found the relay stuck, gave it a thump with his fist, & presto! all was well.

FRIDAY, Nov. 13/53

My 50th birthday & a rare coincidence, for I really was born on a Friday the 13th. C. presented me with a gramophone record, Hilda & Herbert sent me a fine letter-knife for my desk, Mum sent socks & a book "The Man Who Never Was", the true account of the most astounding deception of the late war. At supper I was presented with a birthday cake, complete with candles.

SUNDAY, Nov. 15/53

Set off by car for Wolfville at 9 a.m. with C., Francie, Lynn Seldon, & a variety of home cooked confections for young Tom, Paul Chandler, & Jean Wickwire. Like every day for the past week it was calm, with a soft grey misty atmosphere, the temp. hovering between 40° & 50°. Arrived at Acadia at noon. I went into the "Barracks" & located Tom & Paul's

room on the 3rd floor — I came just up, & out of the shower & into a bathrobe, chatting with Bill Parker. Paul strolled in, stark naked, from the showers down the hall, a moment later. The room was like a rat's nest — clothes, books & odds & ends all over the floor, together with mess of the bedding. The room adorned with "No Parking" and "Slow" signs stolen from the highway, & these in turn adorned with wet towels, socks & so on. Between the two low beds was a cloth-covered packing case, on which was an array of bread-crumbs, an electric hot-plate, one or two empty "coke" bottles, a scatter of coins, one or two paper match-books, a crime-story pocket book, an ash tray, an empty milk bottle & God knows what else. The whole place a shambles, which they assured me blithely was its normal state before the daily cleaning up by the staff. They "sleep in" on Sunday mornings, making a breakfast of milk & many slices of toast, while lying in their beds. They were full of milk & toast when I carried them & Parker off to the Paramount Inn to lunch with G. & the girls & me, & consequently couldn't eat half of the generous roast chicken dinner & none of the lemon pie dessert — a handicap that caused them much grief. (They debated smuggling the excess chicken & pie & rolls out of the inn & into the Barracks wrapped in napkins, but decided against it.) After lunch Francis went off to Tully Hall with Lynn to see friends — especially in Francis's case, eventually, David Langille. The boys, G. & I went to call on ^{Bill's} ~~her~~ mother, who is staying two or three weeks in Wolfville with her mother, Mrs Rice, a bright & intelligent old lady (sister of Sidney Dobson, president of the Royal Bank of Canada) whose hobbies include the making of beautiful pottery, &

first-rate linen woven on a small loom. Bill's mother was a classmate of Etta at the Sem.

I gathered my various passengers at 3:30 & set off for home in a light drizzle of rain, which brought the dark down very early as we were crossing the height of land at New Albany. Home at 7.

MONDAY, NOV. 16/53

Cloudy, mild, now & then a flash of sun. Got a bank draft this morning for \$629 & sent it off to Montreal Trust Co., full payment of 37 shares of Nfld Light & Power Co. @ \$17. This is for the new issue of common stock now being made available to existing stockholders at \$17. (Market price about \$22 now.)

Golf this afternoon, alone, score 92. Shortage of nurses at the local hospital so acute that several married women with nursing experience have been asked to help daily, including the wife of well-to-do druggist Lawrence Sheldon. Building of many new hospitals in country towns has aggravated the shortage, & the girls prefer to work in cities where there is more "life" - that is, a better supply of eligible young husband-material. At our hospital two years ago someone read an advertisement for nurses at a Texas hospital at high pay and "near a large U.S. Air Force base." Three nurses left at once, & all were married to U.S. airmen inside a year.

Today the Hfx. Chronicle-Herald began delivering the morning papers by truck along the South Shore, for the first time. In Liverpool the papers arrive at 8 a.m. & the boys start delivering at once from door to door. Mail subscribers like myself still have to wait for the "noon" train which arrives at 12:30; & the mail isn't sorted & stowed in the personal boxes until about 1:30. I believe the Valley has had truck service for the Hfx papers for some time past.

THURSDAY, NOV. 19, 1953 Marvellous weather all this week, calm, mild, golf every afternoon. Temp. outdoors today at noon over 70°.

Dinner party at our house tonight with Bert Waters, Rolf & Muriel Seaborne, Doug & Phyl Tozer as guests. Drinks & chat afterwards until midnight. (Forgot to mention on Tuesday that Lorne Clements was killed while driving alone in his car on the Mill-Village - Port Medway road. He was an erratic chap, & had been drinking heavily lately.)

FRIDAY, NOV. 20/53 Another summer day, & again golf in my shirt sleeves. Killed a mosquito in the bathroom this morning. This afternoon on the golf course E. found a bee busy sucking at a dandelion in full bloom. Cheque from Hutchinson's for £37/13/4 (about \$101.00 at current exchange), royalties on *The Nymph* for the 6 months ending June 30th. Altogether so far they have sold 3,406 copies through the bookshops & 94,173 copies through their subsidiary Universal Book Club. They wish to take up their option on "Sidefall" & will publish in '54.

SUNDAY, NOV. 22/53 Still mild weather. Church this morning. Golf this afternoon with E., in dense fog, although the sun shone in town. Tea at the Douglas Tozers, where John Lunston, of Kfx, showed a film & gave a talk on the "Polio" relief fund, for which there will be a drive in January. He is on the staff of CHNS. I asked him how the Kfx radio stations would fare when TV goes into operation there next year. He said, judging from results in the U.S., the radio broadcasting stations would "take a beating" for about 2 years, until the novelty of TV had worn off; then their popularity would rise again.

TUESDAY, NOV. 24/53 Still mild, drizzling rain at intervals. Drove to Kfx alone this morning, to autograph some copies of my novel for the booksellers (who have been after me) and to attend a meeting of the Kfx branch of the Canadian

Authors Assoc'n. Lunch at Jollimore with Mother & Herb Gamster. In the afternoon signed many copies of *Sidefall*, at Mahon's & the Book Room. Long chat with Will Bird in his adjoining office. Although he is chairman of the N.S. Historic Sites & Monuments Board he knew nothing of the small shipment of antique furniture to the Perkins House, nor of the installation of an electric heating system in the house, recently completed. Such is the utter lack of liaison in the various govt. departments.

Crossed over the harbor on the 5 p.m. ferry & took a Dartmouth taxi to Helen Brighton's house on Newcastle Street - she was giving a buffet supper to the Hfx branch executive (she is President of it) in my honor. Very pleasant. Johnnie Jordan there, full of bounce, & with a pocket flask of rum & water to sustain him through the evening. Eight people present, including Doane Hatfield, who was head of the Hfx. branch last year. Afterwards we went by car & ferry (in a very thick fog) to join other members in a regular monthly meeting of the branch, at the home of a Mrs. Webber in the South End. About 25 people, including the usual number of elderly ladies (mostly spinsters) who write poetry, but others, young & old, who work hard at verse or prose & have something real to write about, like Kay Hill, a pretty blonde girl, afflicted with partial deafness, sensitive & intelligent. Helen, vivacious & businesslike, was in the "chair" - which was in fact a piano stool. Bird, Jordan & I were asked to discuss the art of writing, & we tossed the ball back & forth, saying nothing new it seems to me, because the old principles hold true & one can

only repeat them in the light of one's own experience.

A pretty brunette sang (soprano) for us in Station & English - I missed her name, she is the star of the Armdale Girls' choir, which broadcasts regularly over the CBC national network & will soon make a tour in the U.S. Then chat & coffee & cakes until 11 p.m. when the meeting adjourned. Johnnie Paul Jordan carried me off to meet his "girl friend", who turned out to be a Mrs. Poston (rhymes with Boston); a handsome brunette with prematurely grey hair, 39-ish, trim figure in dark green. Lives in a charming flat upstairs in what once was the old Borden mansion, now converted to modern apartments. Huge bow window looking down towards the Arm. Cozy fire of logs in a green tile fireplace. Chatted over whiskies & soda till 1 a.m. when I insisted I must go, & Johnnie drove me back to Jollimore.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 25/53 Pouring rain. Went downtown & autographed books for Jack Neville, at Connolly's Book Store. Looked in at Birks' for Christmas cards. Johnnie Jordan wished me to lunch with him at Admiralty House today, but I got through my business at 10 a.m. & decided to lunch with Mother. Phoned my regrets to Johnnie's office at the Dockyard (he was out). Lunch at Jollimore. Set out for home at 2 p.m. Beastly weather for driving - slashing rain, & along much of the coast all cars had to keep their lights on to avoid collisions in the thickest & darkest fog I ever saw in what was supposed to be "daylight". Home, & found a letter from Stan Salmen, enclosing a very good review of "Sidefall" from the New York Times book section.

THURSDAY, Nov. 26, 1953

Rain. This is Thanksgiving Day in the States, & tonight Bob & Mabel Kirkpatrick of Milton invited a party of twelve including E. & me to a turkey dinner. The Kirkpatricks are Canadian-born (she was a Lord from Milton) but lived in Massachusetts many years & became American citizens. Mabel inherited the house & a good deal of money from her uncles Fred & Enos Lord, & now that Bob has retired from business they spend the summer & autumn months in Milton & the winters & springs in Florida.

SUNDAY, Nov. 29/53

The usual Sabbath, church in the morning, visit to Aunt Marie Bell in the afternoon. But the weather dried up today after a solid week of rain, & I was able to take a walk around Milton, my first exercise in all that time.

MONDAY, Nov. 30/53

Actually sunshine. Golf, 18 holes of it, this afternoon - wonderful. Wire from C. B. C. changing my broadcast date from Dec. 9th. to Dec. 16th.

TUESDAY, DEC. 1/53

Weather turned back to rain, & by night was blowing a heavy N.E. gale as well. Tough on the lobster fishermen, who had just set out their traps Monday afternoon for the opening of the season. Dr. Stanley Walker, head of Kings College since 1923, died in ^{Hyx} ~~Hyx~~ ^{late tonight} ~~Hyx~~. He had just returned from a journey to New York. A heart attack. A clever, sensible Englishman, I knew him quite well.

Again I am trying to cut down my smoking. Ordinarily I smoke 40 or 50 cigarets a day when at my desk all day. I seldom feel the urge to smoke outdoors, & when I get in an afternoon at golf the smoking drops to about 30 a day. Yesterday I smoked 10 cigarets in all, today 7, all at evening, at my desk, when the craving is worst.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 2, 1953

N.E. gale with gusts up to 60 miles an hour, centered at sea off Liverpool according to the weather bureau, shook the house all last night & all today, with slashing rain. Impossible to sleep in the racket.

FRIDAY, DEC. 4/53

A fine, calm day with temp. 60° in the sun at noon. I played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon (score 92) in a light gabardine wind-breaker, bare hands, & had to stop from time to time to mop the sweat from my brow. The greens are still bright green, & smooth — the pros had them mowed again the other day. The sea looked blue as it does in summer. Jerry Nickerson gave me two dozen Cape Breton oysters yesterday, huge things, & we had some fried & some in stew today, delicious.

SATURDAY, DEC. 5/53

Rain all morning, then an abrupt switch to clear sunny weather. Drove to Moose Harbor this afternoon & bought 20 lbs. of fresh lobsters from Neil Mosher, boiled them in sea water over the fireplace outside my cabin, & took them home. We had some for supper. The Moose Harbor men lost 30% to 50% of their traps in the storm on Wednesday, & they are busy repairing what were left.

SUNDAY, DEC. 6/53

Sunny & mild. Church this morning. This afternoon Mowbray & Phyl Jones & their twin youngsters Derek & Darryl picked E. & me up in their station wagon & drove to S.W. Port Mouton. We all wanted a walk, so parked the car a little way in the "private" road built by Bourdett Woods, a wealthy American, about 3 years ago at a cost of \$10,000. It runs 4 miles from S.W. Port Mouton to the old (1915) lodge at Saint Catherine's River built by the mystery man Kinney &

later bought for \$700 by one Burgess at a tax sale. We walked in 2 1/4 miles & then returned to the car. Phyl wanted to see the Woods' place, so we then drove the whole way in, reaching it at dusk. Woods has repaired & almost rebuilt the Kinney lodge & put up a new garage & root-cellar, & brought in electric power by lines through the barrens from Port Joli. The glassed-in verandah faces on the lagoon, but the seaward view from the east side is barred by a dense growth of spruce trees which ~~to~~ were small when I first saw the place 15 or 20 years ago. Woods' road, which was bulldozed & then lightly gravelled, runs through a wilderness of small swamps & ~~the~~ desolate barrens studded with huge granite boulders. The "Son' Westers" have been using it as a truck-road, hauling firewood & crates of clams from the creek, & their traffic in autumn rains & spring thaws has almost ruined the road. We returned in the early dark, had supper & spent the evening with the Jones.

TUESDAY, DEC. 8/53 Hatheway phoned yesterday regarding the change in broadcast date. Told him I'd come to Hfx on the 9th, as I had planned, & CBC can record the talk for broadcast on the 16th. Sunny & mild, though windy today. Temp. outdoors 55° at noon. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. The mill unions at Mersey Paper plant have got another wage increase. The basic pay now is \$1.52 per hour, e.g. a water-boy gets that, & common labor in the yard, but most of the employees are skilled & get much more.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 9/53 Left by car for Hfx. at 8:30 a.m., taking along C. & Vera Parker & Lulady Macdonald, who wanted to do some Xmas shopping. Heavy ground mist compelled me to keep my car lights on, much of the way,

but the day proved to be sunny & mild. Dropped the ladies at Simpson's, parked my car there — parking downtown is almost impossible at this season — & took a trolley car into the city. Signed about 5 dozen more of my books for Bendisier. He says he has sold about 400 of the 600 copies of *Sidefall* he ordered, & as the Xmas rush is just beginning he may need more. Had a chat with Will Bird. Walked up to the Lord Nelson for lunch. Then up the block to the C. B. C. studios on Sackville St., where I showed my script to Hathaway, the "talks" man, & chatted with Carl McColl, Mrs. Macdonald & other acquaintances. At 3:30 the recording studio was ready & I did my stuff without a "fluff" — one run was sufficient, & I had timed it exactly for the 13½ minutes required. The talk was "played back" & approved, & that was that. Took a taxi to ~~Carro~~ Armdale, & met the ladies on the front steps of Simpson's at the exact moment of our rendezvous — 4:30. All satisfied with the day's shopping. We stopped at "Scotty's" in Hubbards at 5:30 for coffee & lobster sandwiches, & were home at 7:15.

Letter from Tom Jr., full of exams, & observing somewhat plaintively that as the son of a famous author he can't flunk English 4-S. Letter from Bill Sclater full of praise for *Sidefall*. He has lately started his own public-relations firm in Toronto called "William Sclater Associates" — "Associates" in small print — & says it's all being done on a shoe-string but "we eat, pay the rent, & manage to keep a car."

THURSDAY, Dec. 10/53 Pouring rain all day, developing into a violent easterly storm that shook the house all evening.

The Liverpool Advance dropped its old title with today's issue. It is now simply The Advance. One more step in Day's determination to make it the newspaper of the South Shore. Already it contains more news of Shelburne County than of Queens, & very little news of Liverpool itself, although the Liverpool merchants still provide at least 75% of the advertising.

Letter from Frank MacKinnon, head of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, asking me to give the Robertson Lecture there some time in the first quarter of the new year. He invited me last winter but I pleaded urgent work on my novel. Now I have no excuse.

Got my Guletide supply of liquor today before the rush starts — 11 quarts of rum, 2 Scotch, 2 Pearl port wine & 1 Drambuie. The rum included a bottle of Dooly's "Macaw" (Barbados) brand, 40% overproof, price \$8.00; this being one of a small shipment kept out of sight in the govt. liquor store, for certain customers apparently, for last night Ritchie the store manager phoned me & asked if he should put a bottle aside for me. As I am not a large customer (I buy about 1 quart of rum or Scotch a week) this seemed mysterious.

MONDAY, DEC. 14, 53 Another howling gale & rain. Mammoth came today & installed a new electric relay in the refrigerator, cost \$7.60. The seat upholstery in my car has worn through in places & is shabby, so today I bought a set of covers & had them put on. Added a quart of Prestone to the radiator solution, & had the car greased & the oil changed. Two of the tires are quite worn but I must make them do. Wrote MacKinnon that I would give the Robertson lecture next March. The "Jehovah's Witnesses" sect seem to be gaining popularity hereabouts, especially

amongst the ignorant poor, I suppose because they preach that the Witnesses alone will inherit the earth & its riches after Judgement Day. For several years they have had a "Kingdom Hall" (J. W. language for a headquarters) in Liverpool, in a small house near the railway crossing on Bristol Avenue. Lately they have installed another Kingdom Hall in the upper floor of an old building (where Billy Stafford used to have his barber's shop) at the end of the lower Milton bridge. And there is a "minister" there, too, boarding with Bill & Zora Mills - both good Catholics!

THURSDAY, DEC. 17/53 Open & shut sky, very cold. Temp 20° with snow squalls, especially on the South Mountain, when I drove with G. to Wolfville this morning. Both of us suffering from violent head colds. Stopped at the Cornwallis in Kentville, for lunch. Afterwards went up to Alice Smith's house for a chat with her. Then on to Wolfville & the "Barrax" men's residence, where at 3.15 pm. we took in Paul Chandler & Tom with all their impedimenta & turned homeward. They have just finished writing the Xmas exams. While there I bumped into Dr. Kirkconnell & got from him a copy of the address he gave at the ceremony at Milton last summer, setting forth the life of Marshall Saunders.

FRIDAY, DEC. 18/53 Very cold, a few flakes of snow. Indorms all day sneezing & blowing. This is my second bad cold this season. Christmas cards arriving by the dozen.

SATURDAY, DEC. 19/53 Fine, cold (temp. 10°) with snow flurries. About an inch of snow fell in the night, & there is skating on all the ponds, so we have a proper Yuletide atmosphere. Feel much better today, but G.

has developed a hacking cough. We took the car downtown this morning before the Saturday rush, & shopped for Christmas groceries, 3 cases of soft drinks, etc.

Randolph Day tells me the electrical heating in the Perkins house is set for a temperature of 50° Fahrenheit & seems to be working well. The De Wolfe memorial library building is now almost ready for occupancy.

SUNDAY, DEC. 20/53 Snowing lightly all day, then rain. Morning service with my full family this morning.

Then E. & I went to Mobe & Phyl Jones' house & joined the first cocktail party of the Christmas season. At 5 p.m. went to a sherry party at Randolph & Beryl Day's, then back to our house where the Hubert Macdonalds & Mowbray Jones' joined us for whiskies-&-soda, then on to a large dinner party at Ken & Ann Jones' house (the former McLearn home). Home at midnight.

TUESDAY, DEC. 22/53 Rain all day. McBelland & Stewart sent a batch of Canadian newspaper reviews of "Lidefall", most of them favorable although some said it was not as good as "The Triumph", & one gleeful character in the Toronto Telegram called it a failure & said he could think of at least 3 better ways to tell the story.

Rawding has engaged Henry Hensley to check temperatures in the Perkins House every week during the closed season. The govt. will pay Henry \$7.00 per month.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 23/54 Fine & very mild. Temp. 50° at noon. Arose to Moose Harbor this afternoon, bought 20 lbs. of lobsters, & boiled them in sea water over the fireplace outside my cabin. While there I took off the storm door (which had swollen badly in the long rains & would not shut properly)

& planed off enough wood to close it & snap the padlock.
THURSDAY, DEC. 24/53 Very cold & windy. Letter from
Nicholas Montserrat re his latest book "Esther Costello".
He says in part "It excited howls of dislike and
derision all the way round the world. However
I am glad to tell you that this is not stopping
the sales (about 115,000 in England & America)
and I have just sold the film rights and
am negotiating for the stage rights as well."

Tonight E. & I dropped in at Mowbray
Jones' house for a chat with Phyll's parents, the
Curries. Then home, where from 10 p.m. to
midnight we entertained various callers including
the Austin Parkers, the Hector Dunlaps, the
Paul Kings, the Hubert Macdonalds, Beatrice
Macdonald, Annie Ritchie. To bed at 2.30 a.m.

Christmas Day. Calm & mild. Some ice in cores
of the river from yesterday's freezing, but not
a speck of snow; and radio reports show that
it is a green Christmas all over the States,
from the Great Lakes south & east. I walked
to Milton & back this morning for exercise.

Terence & wife Betty Freeman, with their two nice
kids (Jean in a dressing gown & blanket, suffering
but not too uncomfortably - from chicken pox),
and Marie Freeman joined us for dining, at
which we demolished a huge turkey, with plum
pudding & hard sauce for dessert. In the
early evening we all went to Milton & called
on Aunt Marie Bell. Later E. & I went
to Hubert Macdonald's, where we were joined by
the Parkers & the Jon Macdonalds, for drinks &
chat. The Parkers had an unpleasant adventure

this afternoon about 4 p.m. A drunken negro, a young soldier, suddenly appeared outside their house hurling stones through the dining room windows. Four windows were smashed, & some of their prized chinaware, before Austin got outside & cracked the fool on the jaw, knocking him flat. Vera phoned for the police, who threw the chap into a car & took him off to jail.

While we were at the Macs', our kids had a small party at the house. My Xmas gift to E. (chosen by herself) was a large silver plate tray from Birks'. My own gifts (at my own request) were mostly golf balls, classical phonograph records, etc. Altogether we fared very well, & although we attended no church service I give thanks to God for the happiness & good health of my family & the blessings of peace which, however precarious, we still have. What the new year will bring forth I cannot see. From a purely personal viewpoint I have to face the fact that my novel *Sidefall* is not selling well in the States, the main source of my income; and now I must brace myself for another effort which will take two years, and for which at present I have not the ghost of an idea — and all this with young Tom at college, & Franice going there next Fall, at a minimum cost of \$1,000 a year each. I am not by nature an easy-going soul; I worry; and for me just now the future presents a very dark & foreboding picture. I have now passed fifty; the urge, the energy, the fezzing inspiration of youth all have gone by; and the prospect

of an indigent old age haunts me like a nightmare. I have before me the fate of Theodore Goodrich Roberts, a man of rich talent if somewhat feckless life, who died last year almost un-noticed, in a shabby second floor bedroom of a boarding house in Digby. For the past several years he & his wife had existed in this room on their old-age (gov't) pensions, a total of \$80 per month. And for the past 20 years he had tried to make a living by trading on his name and scribbling all sorts of trash for ^{third-rate} American magazines. That has been the fate of most Canadian writers who took the plunge & resolved to live entirely by their pens during the past 70 years. Even Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts ended his days on a hand-out of \$200 per month from the Canadian Writers' Foundation - & he was acknowledged the dean of Canadian literature. These are gloomy thoughts for the night of Christmas Day but I cannot help them, especially when I regard my former associates in Mercury Paper Company, all living now on fat salaries with the continued prosperity of the paper business, & all assured of a comfortable company pension whenever they choose to retire. I do not regret the decision I made in 1938, when I left a safe job for the uncertainties of a writer's life; because it was the thing I wanted and still want - to do; but at this age, and with regard to my children & my wife, I cannot help wondering if my choice was not selfish.

SATURDAY, DEC. 26/53 A lovely mild calm day. This afternoon with Hector Dunlap I played 18 holes at White Point. (My score 95, his 120) The greens are still green & smooth; & surprisingly little surface water on the

course, considering the continuous rains of the Fall. About six other players out. We played in light golf jackets, with bare hands, & were perfectly comfortable.

SUNDAY, DEC. 27/53 Overcast, with a bleak N. wind. Church with my family this morning. At 5 p.m. I gathered up the Hubert Macdonalds & Austin Parkers in my car & we joined a big party at the Hugh Joyces, where the main dish was egg-nog. Dined at home about 7.30. At 9.30, at Swadys Mac's insistence, we gathered up the Parkers & went to the Macs' on Waterloo Street for drinks & chat. Home at 11.30, in a starlit night, very cold.

MONDAY, DEC. 28/53 A dull day with a bleak east wind that seemed to spell snow but turned out to be ~~not~~ rain at night. This morning Walter Jellimore & a couple of town laborers came to dig up the water pipe leading into my cellar from the street main. The old galvanized pipe was getting choked with rust & within the past week had begun to leak at the elbow inside the cellar. So tonight in addition to the modest Christmas display of colored lights over our porch we had two oil lanterns at the edge of the lawn illuminating a sign, "Danger: Open Trench". The job makes a sad & ugly gash in my lawn, & the men had to dig & hack out the big hydrangea at the left approach to my front steps.

I had a good walk to Mutton & back this afternoon, dropped in for a chat with Bob & Mabel Kirkpatrick while up there. A punch-bowl party at the Kowdings' tonight, then on to the Parkers' for another party that ended with coffee & refreshments at midnight. Nice letter from George Matthew Adams praising my book.

TUESDAY, DEC. 29, 1953

Sunny & mild. Jollimore & his men

finished their job shortly after noon. As the new (copper) pipe is of smaller calibre than the old "galvo", it was possible to bring it straight through into the cellar by thrusting it inside the old section of pipe remaining in the cellar wall. This made a good caulking job necessary, as otherwise the space between new pipe & old ~~about~~ (although small) would admit drainage water into the cellar whenever there was heavy rain. At my urging Jollimore got liquid asphalt & daubed the outer end of the wall-pipe thoroughly before his men filled the trench. I thanked & fortified them all with stiff drinks of rum at the close of work yesterday & today. This afternoon I played 18 holes at White Point in 98, the course very wet from last night's rain, but the point & sea lovely in the sunshine. No one else out.

This evening E. & I joined another party, this time at Charlie Williams'; huge crowd.

Then we dropped in for a chat with Phyl & Moke Jones. Francie's boy friend Dave Langille of Yarmouth arrived today & is staying a few days with us. Letter from Andrew Merkel, badly scrawled in pencil on a sheet torn out of a notebook, asking me to send him a copy of "Sidewater" (sic) & to come & see him in Dartmouth the next time I am in town.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 30/53

Sunny & mild. Up at 6 a.m. & cooked myself a generous breakfast of fried eggs & bacon, a rare occasion, for always I breakfast on a small dish of stewed fruit, two slices of toast, & coffee. Golf this afternoon, score 93, again the whole course to myself. Stanley Salmen sent a very nice Christmas gift from

Little, Brown & Co. a copy of *Lidefall* bound in green cloth & green half-leather. But his accompanying note confessed that U.S. sales of the book are only 3275 copies. He added manfully "I have every confidence that the future will hold better records." Received a portfolio of Maritime coast drawings (some of Hunt's Point) autographed & sent me by the artist, Jack Beder, a Polish-Canadian resident in Montreal. Letter from a naval reserve chaplain, Walds Smith, a member of the faculty of Queens Theological College, Kingston, Ontario, now engaged on historical research re "naval chaplains, & the general tradition of faith in the Navy & Christian standards among seamen", asking permission to call on me here for information.

E. & I attended a party tonight at the Hubert Macdonalds'. Big crowd, all the familiar faces. I abstained from the food & had only one drink. I confess these things bore me after the first evening or two. Hubert, after 6 months' abstinence, has been more or less drunk since Christmas Eve, much to the distress of his wife & daughter. E. & I slipped away to a movie, "Roman Holiday", Gregory Peck & the new star Audrey Hepburn, very good.

THURSDAY, DEC. 31/53

A fine morning turned to rain & squalls of snow, & sharp cold tonight. A big New Year's Eve. E. & I attended first a cocktail party at Lozer's, then a supper party at Seaborn's. About half-past midnight Phyl Lozer insisted I must drive her & Doug, the Jack McClemons & E. to Milton, where the Ches. Legrows were expecting us. On the way we stopped at Ken Jones' house, where

a large & lively party was in progress, & I did not succeed in getting my passengers rounded up & away until about 1:30 a.m. Then to Le Grows, where we found the Bob Mc Clearns & others, & were joined by the John Wickwines. Much singing, & some impromptu but spirited fandango dancing by Edith Mc Clearn. I got my people home at about 3:30 a.m. & got to bed myself at 4.

FRIDAY, ~~THE~~ JAN. 1, 1954 Sunny but very windy & cold. Up at 10 a.m. Dave Langille left at noon with Randy Day, who is driving through to Yarmouth. Marie Freeman joined us for dinner & we had a fine roast capon, pudding etc., with Scotch & sodas beforehand, and Drambuie with the coffee. Drove to Milton with E. & Marie in the afternoon for a call on Miss Bell. I had the Milton nursery deliver a large mixed bouquet of chrysanthemums, carnations & roses for E. on this, her 50th birthday. No exercise all day. I picked up another cold yesterday & have a very sore throat & bronchial inflammation, one raw pain from the back of my nose to the depths of my chest, & my voice a deep sepulchral sound. Temp. 10° above zero.

SUNDAY, JAN. 3/54 Indoors all day yesterday & today nursing my cold, gargling my throat with Sobell's tablets etc. I am nearly "broke", so wrote letters to Mc Clelland & Stewart asking for an advance of \$1500 against royalties, & to Doubleday asking for my share (\$2,000) of the \$4,000 royalty they received in 1953 for the (Bantam Books) pocket edition of "Roger Laddan." Tommy & Frances represented the family at church this morning, & took communion. Our cold snapped turned to rain on the South Shore, but there was

quite a bit of snow on the South Mountain & in the Valley; & as nobody (including me) fancied a round trip of 260 miles in those conditions, Tommy hired a taxi for \$22, rounded up 4 other Acadia students to share the expense (including Paul Chandler, Joan Wickwire, Al Hutchinson & a girl from Lockport) & departed with all sorts of baggage & freshly laundered clothes, at 2 p.m. for Wolfville.

The rain (which continued all day & night) soon found its way into my cellar via the old "galvo" pipe, as I had feared, & ran such a stream that my cellar would have flooded in a few hours. I phoned Walter Jollimore, who came at 5 p.m. with lead wool, hammer, & caulking tools, & after a long struggle succeeded in plugging the space between the new pipe & the old — something he should have done last Tuesday when I pointed out the danger. (Incidentally the town clerk was prompt in sending me a bill of \$38.00 for the job.)

Newspapers & radio are busy summing up 1953 & making predictions for '54. Most hopeful sign in the world is the domestic unrest in Russia since Stalin's death, compelling the new dictator Malenkov to devote more effort to the Russian standard of living, & less to disturbing the peace outside. "Time" magazine selected as its "Man of the Year 1953" Herr Adenauer, head of the West German govt, whose country has shown a most remarkable recovery from the war, & whose policy is one of cooperation with the Western nations against the machinations of Russia. The easing of international tension since the armistice in Korea, plus President Eisenhower's determined reduction of U.S. expenditures in all directions, has

brought about a definite recession of business, the necessary adjustment from semi-war to peace. This affects the whole world, including Canada, & most predictions are that the general adjustment will bring about considerable unemployment in 1954. Here in Liverpool the reduction of naval re-armament has sharply affected Steel & Engine Products Co., who have reduced their working force from about 500 to less than 300 — eventually 200; & sharp competition from abroad, & from increased domestic supply, will now affect the newspaper market of Mersey Paper Co., whose labor unions (like all other unions in Canada) ~~do~~ have now built up their operating cost to an unhealthy figure.

The coal mining industry is in the doldrums, with unprofitable mines (& most are unprofitable nowadays) being closed right & left. The shortage of consumer goods (from shirts to motor-cars) accumulated during the war period 1939-1946 has now been filled, & from here on industry must deal with a buyer's market — already manifest in the motor-car industry, for one. All in all it looks as if we are in for a considerable shake-down, a good thing in the long run, but painful while it lasts. One bright feature — Canada's population has now passed the 15,000,000 mark, & still is increasing sharply, partly from immigration but mostly from natural increase in the birth rate.

MONDAY, JAN. 4/53

The rain eased to a drizzle this morning & I walked down to Main Street to get a haircut & the mail. I still have a heavy bronchial cough & daren't walk far in this weather, which turned to rain & a howling gale again by nightfall. Received today a box of delicious pecans from Bob Cuffman, the American courier who

with (Snow & Greenaway) had the incredible adventure on the coast of Greenland in '43. (I flew to Montreal to write the story for Maclean's, & found Coffman & his wife & Greenaway sitting about a big sack of pecans in Coffman's room in the Royal Vic - the nuts from trees about Coffman's old home in Louisiana.)

TUESDAY, JAN. 5/53 Overcast, still drizzling now & then, temp. 40°. Felt so wretched from my cold, & from continuous lack of exercise owing to continuous bad weather, that I walked to Milton & back anyhow, & somehow felt better although my cough was worse. Much sickness in the town, mostly from colds & their complications. "A green Christmas makes a full graveyard", as the old folk used to say.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 6/54 Rain all day. A naval (Reserve) chaplain, Waldo Smith, came to town on the 1 pm. bus today, had lunch with us & spent the afternoon chatting about naval history in its Canadian application. A tall lean grey man, 45-ish, quiet voice, precise speech. I drove about the town & showed him its historical points, stressing the story of the Liverpool privateers, & after an early tea saw him off on the bus for Nfs at 5:30. He sent me his newly published book "What Time the Ship-pest". An excellent account of his experiences in Italy as an army padre 1943-44.

THURSDAY, JAN. 7/54 Insomnia, which has afflicted me many years, is now my constant companion, & my only resource is drinking heavily after 10 p.m. Last night was typical. I went to bed at 1 a.m. well laced with rum. Slept till 4. Lay restless till 6. Got up then, had breakfast, lib the stove in my den & read till 9. Suddenly felt sleepy then, lay on my couch & slept heavily till 11. Another calm, misty, drizzling day. My cold is still bad, much coughing, a dead-alive feeling all over. Nevertheless I dragged myself

out after lunch & walked to Milton & back, returning home damp & unrefreshed. Again much thinking over my next novel, which I have decided will have as its background the old Milton pulp mills, the president Bazzyum, & my own experience & feelings there. No fresh light comes with regard to the story itself, which must be good, after the polite failure of "Sidefall in the markets"; and yet I refuse to manufacture something aimed at the cheap public taste & false to me. I know I am ill. Apart from this wretched succession of colds I have not felt myself since that mad exhausting journey to Brook River last May, which took something out of me that never came back.

FRI DAY, JAN. 8/54 Cold, with snow blowing in long flurries but not amounting to much on the ground. Eileen Tighe, managing editor of "House & Garden," ~~phoned~~ wired from New York this morning asking me to do an article on Canada, 1500 or 2000 words at 10¢ per word. I phoned her (collect, at her request) to say I would & to ~~say~~ ask what sort of article she wanted. Her deadline is Jan. 18th, which means I must have it in the mail here on the 14th.

Tonight the L'pool high school basketball teams, boys & girls, went to Shelburne to play the local high school teams in the fine new school there. I drove there with part of the girls' team - Francie, Anna Hearty, Gertrude Ferguson, Lynn Seldon, & the coach, Audrey Thorburn. Jim MacKinnon of L'pool is the physical-education teacher at Shelburne, & the school, completed 2 years ago, a provincial govt. project like the one at Lockport, is a large

✓ well-equipped building with a fine gymnasium. L'pool girls lost this game by a small margin, the boys won theirs handily 62-42. Refreshments (chocolate-milk, sandwiches & cake) were served afterwards in the Home Economics room.

The building of these first-rate rural high schools in comparatively poor towns like Lockport & Shelburne (or Canas), ^{with provincial funds,} provides the queer anomaly of comparatively prosperous towns like Liverpool & Lunenburg possessing old, cramped quarters & inferior equipment of every kind, & taxing themselves to the limit merely to maintain these.

Left Shelburne at midnight, bitter cold, temp. 10° above zero & falling, with occasional gusts of snow & wide patches of bright starlight. Somebody had warned me this morning that the L'pool-Shelburne road was slippery & dangerous; but we found it bare of ice & snow except in one or two places (always on curves!) between Port Mouton & Sable River, & were able to run along at 55 or 60 m.p.h. in perfect safety.

SUNDAY, JAN. 10/53 A cold grey day. Church this morning with E. & Francis. The Rev. John made an apt reference to my book *Siceloff* in the course of his sermon, dealing with every man's choice of two ways of life. Drove to Philton in the afternoon for a call on Aunt Marie Bell, the road slippery & dangerous at speeds over 30 m.p.h. due to a light snowfall last night which the traffic has pressed into ice.

TUESDAY, JAN. 12/54 Snowing lightly all yesterday, increasing to a noisy easterly storm that blew all night. The snow turned to sleet for a time,

& about 1 pm the weather cleared, & I had my first job of shoveling this season. Franice in bed sick with a cold. Worked hard all day on the article for House & Garden. Still have a racking cough but I feel much better.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 13/54 Fine, very cold. Mailed the H. & G. article this morning. Doubt if they will use it - I set forth some current illusions about Canada in the U.S. & told the truth about each one, rather tartly - too tartly probably for H. & G., which is a big slick magazine that caters to the well-to-do & sells for sixty cents a copy. However, that's that.

Dinner tonight at the Anglican parsonage with Jack & Frances Davies. Mobe & Phyl Jones came & had drinks with us beforehand, & there we four joined Bert & Catherine Waters, & Dorothy Wickwire. Afterwards bridge till midnight, & I, who detest the game, emerged with highest score & won the prize, a tin of salted nuts. The Jones drove us home & we sat chatting with them until 1 a.m. when they said Goodnight & left.

THURSDAY, JAN. 14/54 Sunny & cold. A good brisk walk to Milton this afternoon. Letter from Paul Kuhring, president of Canadian Authors Association, asking me to address the convention at Banff next June.

Library meeting tonight. The funds are down to about \$50. After the meeting we walked up the hill & inspected the new library building, now complete all but the shelving. It is small but well designed, ample for our purposes, & very well built. Oil furnace. Splendid lighting. We expect to have the formal opening Saturday Feb. 13th. & there was some discussion about a ceremony. I suggested

it should include a photo of Editor Day burning his tax bill on the front steps.

FRIDAY, JAN. 15/54 Milder. Snowing lightly all day.

I painted the kitchen ceiling this afternoon.

SATURDAY, JAN. 16/54 Painted a second coat on kitchen ceiling. Sign of the times — about 30 second-hand cars parked in the snow behind the Ford dealers' (Bain's) garage. These are cars traded-in during '53 & which they have been unable to sell. The same is true of the General Motors & other dealers. Yet '54 model cars are now coming in for sale, & the two big motor companies in Canada (Ford & G.M.) have increased production & are spending money lavishly in advertisement of the new models.

SUNDAY, JAN. 17/54 Very cold & windy, snow flurries, temp. dropping to zero at night. My car frozen in. My womenfolk, too lazy to face the walk to church, slept in. I walked, & sat with the Hubert Macdonalds. A fair congregation for so bitter a day.

MONDAY, JAN. 18/54 Sunny, cold, & hard NW gale all night & today. Temp. got up to 20° at noon & slid back after sundown. Dentist this afternoon, an old filling in one of my lower right molars had come adrift. Eclipse of the moon tonight — nothing visible but a silver nail paring at 11 p.m. Canadian trades unions claim half a million workers unemployed or about to be laid off. They always get alarmed over winter unemployment & always exaggerate the figures, but undoubtedly things are slackening. Same in the States.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 20/54 Still very cold weather. All morning at the old library room in Town Hall with several volunteers, packing books in cartons & labelling them for

transportation to the new building. The Jones library has arrived from Quebec together with the book-cases from the Ferme de la Bonne Entente. (The Jones heirs are paying the freight also, about \$400.) Tentative date for the official opening of the De Wolfe Memorial Library is Feb. 13th. & meanwhile we shall have a new mayor & several new council members. Edgar Wright, who has been mayor for so many years, is retiring at last. The only candidates for the mayoralty are George Van Norden, retired railway conductor, & R. H. Lockward, retired bank manager now in the employ of C. O. Smith's Steel & Engine Products Co. Lockward is not popular, but Van Norden has ~~a~~ no qualification for the mayor's job at all & is backed chiefly by the "have-not" element in "Whynot Town". So it looks as if the Stenpro Co., after many attempts, will at last have a man of theirs in control of Town Hall. As the new mayor, Lockward, will have to officiate at the opening of the new library - a thing he & the Stenpro people violently opposed.

Mr. Leslie, painter, of Port Mouton, came this morning to look over the work we propose to have done, i.e. all walls & woodwork in diningroom, living room, sun porch, lower hall, stairs & staircase, & upper hall. He works by the day but gave rough guesses as to cost: - interior job, \$200. Said he could do the outside of house & garage, first scraping the rough places (but no blow-torch work), & painting one coat, for about \$225. The outside job of course must be deferred till summer, but he & his helpers will start the inside work next Monday. Rain tonight, walking very dangerous on the wet ice that covers the streets.

Had a good brisk walk to Milton & back this afternoon. Sandpapered & painted the (oak) dining table with a coat of "Glossite" - it had become very worn & dull in the years since I bought the oak suite just before my marriage in 1927.

On my walk I noticed a number of young men playing hockey on the river half-way to Milton - the ice is thick & strong all the way from the railway bridge to Salmon Island - something I have not seen in the past 5 years at least. The cold wave sent temperatures down sharply all over North America & even frost in Victoria B.C.

FRIDAY, JAN. 22/54 Very cold (10° above) following a mild thaw in which much of the snow & ice vanished from the streets, although the river is still thickly covered with ice down to the railway bridge. This morning (in response to repeated requests from Jacques Chabroun) mailed him a copy of my short story "Naval Honors", for sale if possible to a magazine, before it appears in my book of tales entitled "A Muster of Arms" to be published next Fall.

Walked to Milton & back this afternoon, & spent the evening putting another coat of "Glossite" on the dining table, & painting oval black patches about the handles of umpteen cupboard doors in the kitchen - first removing the chrome handles.

Letter from Salmen, who has just been to Toronto to form a Canadian branch of Little, Brown & Co. in which McClelland & Stewart will have a financial share & interest. Conversation with Jack McClelland revealed my interest in the campaigns of 1812-15 along the Niagara frontier, which I visited last summer; & now Salmen suggests that I write a novel of that time &

place. All very well for some future project, but my present interest is the contemporary novel.

Francie's basketball team went to Bridgewater tonight & beat the B. high school girls' team by a good margin. She has been troubled since childhood by intermittent pains about the navel, & these strenuous athletics have not improved the condition. I wondered a few days ago if it was some form of hernia, & prodded E. into arranging another diagnosis by Dr. Wickwire tomorrow. He examined her years ago, when we first noticed these intermittent pains, & he thought then it was just "growing pains". What a curious creature she is.

Half feminine, half masculine, lazy (except in athletics), irresponsible, alternately affectionate & sulky, big & awkward as a young buffalo, good figure but thick ankles & big feet, hates shoes, always padding about the house in bare feet, a born rebel against all authority including mine. She bullies her mother with complete success & regards me as a somewhat pleasant ogre because I stand my ground.

She is our problem child, as I realized some years ago, & I wonder what we have produced, what remote ancestor she springs from, and what on earth will become of her.

SATURDAY, JAN. 23/54

Temp. 3° above zero at 9 a.m.

& very cold all day. Fortunately not much wind. Had a good walk (I almost ran) to Milton & back, & received two interesting curios on the way. In Milton, Carl Foley came out of his house (the old collier house near Salmon Island, originally built by Sylvanus A. Morton) & presented me with

a copper coin he had found while enlarging the foundation of the house last Fall. It was a half-penny token issued by John Alexander Barry, merchant of Halifax, dated 1815, with a frigate on one side & the head of George III on the other.

Coming through Bristol I stopped at Jerry Nickerson's house, where I was given a polished ~~whale tooth~~ ^{whale tooth} engraved with a scene showing the fore-part of a modern whaling steamer, & the gunner firing a harpoon at a whale. It was engraved by a Norwegian whaler-man operating on the coast of Labrador during the late war; acquired at Goose Bay by a Canadian naval man, who presented it to Jerry. A very neat bit of work.

Spent the evening painting; a final coat of "glassite" on the d.r. table; a second coat of black on the handle-patches of the numerous kitchen drawers & cupboard doors; & painted the narrow skirt-boards all around the kitchen.

People skating on the river all the way from Hill's Cove to Salmon Island. Saw a man testing the ice opposite Morton's house with an axe. Hailed him, & he said there was 4 inches of ice.

Dr. Wickwire examined Francie today, a complete check-up, including heart & lungs. But as before he could find nothing to account for her mysterious & recurrent abdominal pains except a touch of colitis, for which he prescribed a diet.

SUNDAY, JAN. 24/54 Lovely sunny morning, temp. 25° above. Walked to church with E. & Francie. On leaving the

church one of the stewards handed out copies of Zion Church's annual report. Including the \$10,000 required for repairs & renovations to the church structure, the congregation raised about \$17,000 for all purposes during 1952. The congregation included 320 families & 60 other persons. Active & accepted members of the church, 540. Total souls under pastoral care, 1100. (This presumably includes people like C. & me, who attend Zion but are not actually "members," though our children are.) During '52 there were 43 baptisms, 19 burials, 13 marriages.

This afternoon C. & I drove to Milton & called on Aunt Marie Bell.

MONDAY, JAN. 25/54 Mild. Leslie & son arrived at 8.30 a.m. & painted all day, putting a white undercoat on the woodwork of upper hall, staircase & lower hall, first sandpapering the old varnished surface.

Letter of Eileen Sighe of "House & Garden". She likes my article on Canada & hopes I will contribute again to her magazine. Started an article on Winifred Hamilton, for submission to Reader's Digest for their "Unforgettable Character" series.

TUESDAY, JAN. 26/54 Finished the Hamilton article this morning & mailed it to Reader's Digest this afternoon. Walked to Milton & back, very mild, & drizzling rain when I reached town again. Leslie & son worked all day on the woodwork of living-room & dining room. The usual weekly letter from Tommy, full of his studies but asking C. to send a food parcel & his skates. Letter from a girl, Edith Rogers, a student under Dr. Rhodenizer at Acadia, saying she had chosen for her M.A. thesis a paper on myself & my works, & asking information.

SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1954

The mild spell ending Tuesday night turned into a furious storm of sleet & then snow all Wednesday, then cold again with high NW winds. All the trees & shrubs remain heavily coated with ice from the storm Tuesday night, beautiful in sunlight.

I am tortured with lumbago again. Tramped to Milton & back in the bitter wind yesterday hoping to "work out the kink", but only made it worse.

Temp. ~~pro~~ again this morning. Spent most of the day lying flat on my back or wedged in a chair with a cushion in the small of my back.

The Leslies, father & son, left at 3 p.m. after a full week's work. They think 2 more days' work will finish the job. The living-room ^{is} finished, with a single coat of dark green on the old wallpaper, & 3 coats of white on all woodwork except the window sashes, which were white before & needed but one fresh coat. All woodwork in upper hall, staircase, lower hall & diningroom has received one coat of white, & the livingroom, sunporch & diningroom ceilings have received a coat of white.

SUNDAY, JAN. 31/54 Imposioned all day with lumbago & under the familiar rules - no moment without pain and no movement without agony. Forced myself to get up & move about from time to time, but mostly I lay flat on my back ~~or~~ or sat wedged in a chair.

Forgot to record an odd encounter on my wild walk to Milton, Friday. Passing along Fore Street through "Whynot Town", with my cap-bags down over my ears, & walking fast, I met old Harry White, foreman of a street-labor gang, in the town's employ for many years. He is a typical

Whynot-Lown "short-horn" — about 5' 4", stocky, bald, grey, solemn, tobacco-chewing (tobacco juice trickling from his ~~and~~ mouth corners & running down the wrinkles which extend like parentheses towards the jaws), walking with a stumpy gait in the knee-high open-top rubber boots he wears summer & winter. About 65, he was a lone widower for years, & then got a housekeeper & married her. He was coming along the street towards me, tossing his arms, regarding me with his solemn blue gaze, & shouting something that I took to be, "Winter ag'in! Winter ag'in!" I answered cheerfully "Yes you bet! And that dam' wind doesn't help any!" — the vernacular of the district. He stopped & gave me a puzzled & rather indignant look, so I stopped & pulled up my ear-lugs. "What did you say?" I said. He waved his arms again. "Widower ag'in!"

"What?"

"Yes! We set down to dinner, an' d'woman hadn' any more'n put a bit o' meat in 'er mouth when she give a groan an' keeled right over off'n d' chair. Died in t'ree minutes! So here I am a widower ag'in."

And away he went down the street tossing his arms & hailing every frozen passer-by with his news.

TUESDAY, FEB. 2/54

Still very cold, & I am still confined to barracks by Lumbago, although today I can move more freely & with less pain. Leslie & son finished the painting today, a first-rate job, & I was glad to pay them \$128 for their labor. The bill

for paint etc. from the Rassignol store probably will run to about \$35. Leslie has promised to paint my house (exterior) this summer.

THURSDAY, FEB. 4/54 Rain yesterday, foggy & very mild today, ice melting off the streets. My lumbago much better, & I got outdoors & walked down to Main Street for the first time since last Friday. Our new carpets from Simpsons-Sears arrived today, all but the stair-carpet. Cost \$255. C. & I spent most of the evening putting them into place in living-room, dining room & lower hall. Removed the old wine-colored carpet & under-rug from the living room to my den, & the old pink thing from the dining room to C.'s bedroom.

Received Doubleday & Co's cheque for \$2,000.00, my half of the \$4,000 they received for pocket-book rights in "Roger Sudden". Typical of the way they treat an author. Bantam Books published a paper-covered edition of "Roger Sudden" last April, & paid Doubleday \$4,000 in August. Doubleday took half, & held the rest six months before paying me; & then only because I wrote a couple of weeks ago demanding the money.

This represents royalty on a sale of approximately 245,000 copies of "Roger Sudden" by Bantam at a retail price of 35¢ per copy.

FRIDAY, FEB. 5/54 A good walk to Milton. Wonderful!

SUNDAY, FEB. 7/54 Fine, mild, church & Milton.

Moira Kerr, teen-age daughter of Dr. Kerr of Dalhousie, has written me & wants to know all about the business of creative writing, "Standards", "The Ladder of Success", "Rewards" etc. She is a student at high school.

in Hlx. & seems very earnest, so I spent most of yesterday & all of this evening writing my views for her.

TUESDAY, FEB 9/54

A storm, the first real blizzard of this winter blew all today & tonight. Two fishing vessels sank off the N.S., three men lost.

WEDNESDAY, FEB 10/54

Many telephone interruptions for the past few days, people calling me regarding the opening of the new library on Feb 13th, the ceremony, the tea which C. & Vera Parker are organizing, invitations, advertisements, etc. R. H. Lockward, who opposed the town's investment in the library so bitterly last June, is the newly elected mayor of Liverpool, who must, in his new official capacity, perform the ceremony of handing over the keys to me as President of the Library Association. I phoned him regarding this little bit of formality, found him cold & hostile. He said he would be there, & would hand over the keys, but would have very little to say.

I had a good walk to Milton & back this afternoon. The snow ploughs had done a good job & the footing was good. Stopped at the Milton forge for a chat with Archie the blacksmith, & with old Edward Coombs, who was there. Sew, now nearly 80, still stands six feet, a big rugged bear of a man with a quiet voice. Told me that he & his son Aubrey (aged 50 or so) last fall took a canoe up the river to Cagle Lake, thence to Long Lake, thence over the old portage to Kempton Lake, crossed ~~the~~ Kempton Lake, carried the canoe over the trail (1 mile) to the Mersey River, & then came on down the river to Milton.

I lubricated my furnace motor bearings today. Tonight Manthorne came & took apart the fuel pipes & valves & filter of the oil stove in my den, which had

quit functioning on Sunday. Found one of the fuel pipes clogged with accumulated fluff & dirt, cleaned it out, & got the stove going again. This is the first thorough cleaning of the fuel system of this stove since I bought it in 1947.

Sent my Parker fountain pen, the expensive type they advertise as their "Lifetime Pen", away to Toronto for the second time since I bought it for \$15 in 1948. The thing drips ink all the time. In a covering letter I pointed out that the pen had congenital kidney trouble, & if they could not cure it, to put the thing out of its misery & send me another.

Should have mentioned that last Monday I went to Milton with Victor Wesley, the local expert on restoration of old furniture, & got from the old Freeman home the battered sofa & a chair that match the two chairs of this set we already have. The suite is of mahogany ^{venet} & is a handsome design, very early Victorian or possibly Regency period — nothing like the heavy & florid later Victorian stuff. Wesley says he will do a good job on it. E. & Marie think this furniture was brought from Salem by Alice Hutchinson, the Yankee girl who married Snow Parker Freeman about 1860, but the period is much earlier. An imitation, probably.

Lumbago still stabs me now & then, especially when, as this morning, I ~~am~~ ^{am} shovelling snow.

THURSDAY, FEB 11/54 A lovely day, blue sky, sunshine glittering on the snow — the first full day's sunshine in a very long time. Marvellous walk to Milton & back. Chat with Cecil Day, who has changed

his attitude to the new library & gives the opening (set for Feb 13) a nice boost in today's Advance editorial column.

McBaul came today & put new air filters in the oil furnace, an annual necessity.

FRIDAY, FEB. 12/54 A meteorological freak about 8 a.m.

A sudden snowstorm had come up in the night, & was blowing & snowing briskly, with temp. at 20° above zero, when there was a flash of lightning & a heavy roll of thunder. No more, although the snowstorm went on till about 2 p.m.

For the past two weeks I have received a stream of printed circulars from headquarters of the Canadian Authors Associn. & from the Toronto branch. H.Q. had drawn up a new set of by-laws, & sent copies to individual members all over Canada asking them to mail in a Yes or No ~~approval~~ ^{verdict}. They ~~all~~ looked alright to me & I wrote in to that effect.

Then came a long mimeographed diatribe ^{from Toronto Branch} against the new by-laws but obviously aimed at the national president, Paul Kuhring & particularly Arthur Childs, chairman of the H.Q. committee. Then a long personal letter from Isabel LeBourdais, who is head of the Toronto branch, urging my support & revealing inadvertently that the main row is a personal vendetta between herself & Childs. I did not reply.

Further mail makes clear that Isabel has succeeded in enlisting support of the Winnipeg branch, while Montreal, Vancouver & Windsor branches endorse Childs & his committee. The whole thing is a teapot tempest;

but it may wreck the C.A.A. as Kuhring, Childs, & H.Q. committee, (which includes Hugh McLennan, Margone Wilkins Campbell, Douglas Leechman, Laurence McGregor, Will Bird, Frank Stetig & Dorothy Dumbroille) are all prepared to resign if Toronto's

attitude is upheld. So shall I. Today I had another long letter from Isabel in the same tenor as the first & closing with "I would be most interested to hear from you". She ^{also} refers to the fact that Toronto branch is the largest in C.A.A., which seems to reflect the good old Ontario attitude in all national affairs — "I'm the biggest & the richest & therefore I should run the whole show."

The whole thing reflects the great weakness of C.A.A. — too many members are not authors in the full-time professional sense, & so are able to indulge in this silly squabbling. If they depended on their pens for a living they couldn't find time or thought for anything but work.

SATURDAY, FEB 13/54

A cracking cold night. Temp 10° below zero at 9 a.m. A high wind all day but the temp climbed to 8° above at noon, dropping quickly back again at sunset. At 3 p.m. we held the formal opening of the De Wolfe Memorial Library. The ladies had arranged a party for the benefit of library funds & had sold about 300 tickets. A good crowd, including at least a dozen from Milton, others from Brooklyn. The ceremony was brief & simple. R. H. Lockwood read a brief address he had prepared, & then declared the library officially turned over to the Library Association. I called upon ex-Mayor Edgar Wright (having first talked him out of a professed desire to reveal "all the dam' mean things that Lockwood & the opposition did to block the building of the library") for a few words, & he was pleasant & brief, no personalities at all. I then spoke reviewing the history of libraries & reading rooms in L'pool from the time of the original Liverpool

Institute, founded in the 1830's, to the present time, & stressed the generosity of the Gorham estate, which provided the site, & of the De Wolfe estate, which gave \$10,000 towards the building. The Mercury Paper Co. had contributed \$1,000, & the town taxpayers' funds had provided about \$3,700. All in all, including the shelves & bookcases & books, the town had an asset worth \$20,000 at the least, of which less than \$4,000 came from the tax rolls. I then pronounced the library "open" & everybody had tea & wandered about looking at the books. The treasurer was busy making out 1954 library tickets & taking in cash. Apart from this the tea-business & a small sale of preserves in jars brought in about \$200 for library funds.

C & I spent the evening in chat at the Perry Seldon's house, with the Parkers & Mowbray Jones's. Home at 1.30 a.m., the snow creaking, house-nails snapping, temp. 10° below zero.

SUNDAY, FEB. 14/54 Bright sunny day, with the temp. creeping up from 13° below zero to 40° above in the afternoon. Walked to church & back with C. this morning. Spent the whole afternoon & evening preparing ^{for the newspapers} a full account of the library movement in Liverpool from early times, & of the steps leading up to completion of the new library, giving credit to all the people who deserved it, showing to check matters, dates & names with various people. Snow tonight.

THURSDAY, FEB. 18/54

Drizzle for four days, streets a mess of slush, but most of the snow remains. Letter from Jack Mc Gilliland enclosing contract for my book of short stories, "A Muster of Arms". Volumes of short stories nowadays are a drug in the market & he expects to sell no more than 3,000 copies in Canada, but apparently considers it worthwhile.

E. & I had dinner & spent the evening at the Merrill Rawdings', our fellow guests the Harry Seldons & Hal Dyers. Cocktails, shrimp & scallop pasties with sauterne, roast wild duck with asparagus, wild rice peas (& claret), Alaska pudding & coffee. The ducks were blacks, shot by Merrill at Port Joli. All delicious & beautifully served. Afterwards liquors, then colored movies taken by Merrill on fishing & shooting trips, including the closest & clearest view of a woodcock I ever saw; & two blue geese & a snow goose, rare visitors to our part of the coast, photographed in a small creek near Barrington last winter.

FRI DAY, FEB. 19/54 A wonderful day, blue sky, warm sun, temp. 60° in the sun at 1 p.m. Grand walk to Milton & back, lingering along the river to get the full savor after a week of no exercise or sun. Letter from Will Bird re the teapot tempest in C. A. A.'s Toronto branch. Blames it on Isabel LeBordais who has a personal vendetta with Arthur Child & is ambitious to be president of the whole Association, not just the Toronto branch. Several Toronto members, including Charles Bruce, were not in accord with the rebellion & Bruce walked out when he learned that his name had been used in the LeBordais circular. Bird hints that Bill Deacon may be behind it all, but of course Bird is prejudiced there — Deacon had criticized his last two books severely in his column in the Toronto Globe. Dinner party tonight at Bert Waters' house — his birthday, also Dorothy Wickwires. We presented them with roses.

SATURDAY, FEB. 20/54 Fine & warm. Parker, Smith Dunlap, & I went to Eagle Lake this afternoon in Smith's car. River road very muddy, but snow

in the woods varying from ankle-deep to knee-deep. D. used snowshoes but they were no help except in deep woods where the snow hadn't been sun-softened. Saw many deer tracks, very little sign of rabbits. Beavers had been crawling all around the camp. The lake is frozen, all but a patch of open water in front of the camp. A drink & a big supper, then bridge, at which P. & I defeated D. & V. by a large score.

SUNDAY, FEB. 21/54 Sunny, S. breeze. We slept late, then took axes & saws & worked till 12:30 cutting a tangle of wind-fallen trees out of the trail to Big Falls. Hot job. Drinks, & a tremendous dinner of steak & potatoes. Left camp about 3 o'clock. Very warm. The little black snow-fleas have hatched & were hopping about the snow under the big hemlocks. Hard trip down the river road, badly rutted & turning to glue as the frost comes out. Low gear all the way, & had to stop once to let the engine cool. Home at 5:30, & found a little English "Jaguar" car sitting outside, & Captain Lou Kennedy & wife within. Kennedy has bought a yacht & plans to take a bunch of American sportsmen to Labrador fishing next summer. Kennedy's career was recently "written up" by one of the editors of Saturday Evening Post & appeared in that magazine in four instalments. K. wants me now to write a full biography for publication in book form, thinks it will make a fortune. I doubt it.

The former Sheriff of Queens County, Duncan C. Mulhall, died today, aged 88, in the local hospital.

TUESDAY, FEB. 23, 1954 Foggy yesterday. Heavy rain today. Most of the snow has vanished. My back lawn a lake. Francie went by car with the basketball team to Valfrille this afternoon. They struck deep snow & then freezing rain on the South Mountain but got through. Acadia (intermediates) won the game 48-44. Francie saw Lemmy & Paul but missed Dave Langille. Coming back, the car drivers wisely drove around by way of Halifax, arriving here at 2 a.m. I was much worried, think it folly to arrange such trips in winter weather, when anything can happen during a round trip of 260 miles.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 24, 54 Mild, wet. but away the bristling lilacs between the cellar door & front of the house, down to about a foot high. Wesley came this afternoon & laid out new stair carpets & rods. Made up a statement of my income tax for 1953. It was much less than I had anticipated when the income-tax people demanded current payments last year, also my expenses were higher, so that I have overpaid the tax by about \$400.

SUNDAY, FEB. 28, 54 A wonderful warm day, temp. 70° in the sun at noon. Church this morning. This afternoon drove with E. to Kempth & back. The lakes are still covered with ice, very rotten, & in the green woods there are glimpses of snow, but in the open, & in hardwood country all the snow is gone. Streams are in flood. One of my old tires went flat in Caldonia. I phoned the local service station man but he refused to leave his house, so I had to change the tire & drove home on a very bad spare. Called on Aunt Marie Bell, who looks more like a witch every day.

Mobe & Phyl Jones arrived just as we got home. They are making tentative plans for a trip abroad, with Spain or Mexico as possible objectives, & want us to come. Our finances won't permit the Spain trip. Mobe thought we might get passage in one of the Messy Co. ships to Houston, Texas, fly from there to Mexico City, spend our holiday thereabouts, fly back as far as Richmond, Virginia, & catch a Messy boat coming north from there. This sounds less expensive by far, if it could be arranged, but I was non-committal. Mobe is going to do some figuring on the costs.

MONDAY, MARCH 1/54 Mild, foggy. Took my car to Bain's this morning & had it fitted with four new tires & tubes. The old ones had gone 18,000 or 20,000 miles & were in very bad shape. I had let them go, figuring to buy a new car this year, but the house painting, new carpets, renovated furniture etc. ruled that out. Douglas Bullock, salesman for McClelland & Stewart, came to lunch. He is going about the Maritimes on his spring trip & reports an advance sale of about 1500 copies of "A Mystery of Arms".

This evening Capt. Lou Kennedy & his wife Pat came to dinner & stayed till midnight at our urgent request, showing colored films of his voyages in sailing ships (especially the old "City of New York") to almost every port between Lusk's Island & Baffin Land. Most interesting. I invited the Austin Parkers to see the films with us. Kennedy again brought up the subject of a book on his adventures. I showed him the standard contract between my publishers and

myself, which set forth the royalty rates, etc., & told him that I must do another novel for Little Brown & Co, as promised, before I could even think of anything else. Kenedy said there was no hurry, he wished me to do the book, & he could wait a year or two if necessary.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 3/54 Fine warm day. Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon & enjoyed every minute. (Score 103) No other players out. The course is very wet & soggy in places & I lost 2 balls that simply ploughed into the ground & vanished. Saw a flight of wild geese heading east from the direction of Port Joli. The golf course at N^o 1 & N^o 7 tee is littered with shingles & bits of wood from the barn to the right of N^o 1, which was demolished by a freak tornado last winter.

THURSDAY, MAR. 4/54 Rain. Annual report of the local hospital shows it is steadily getting into worse financial condition. The reserve for Depreciation on building & equipment should now amount to \$30,000. It is less than \$7,000. There is a bank debt of over \$20,000. There are bills overdue from patients amounting to more than \$9,000, most of which is not collectable. The hospital operates at about half capacity most of the time, which is just as well, because it cannot obtain a proper nursing staff for the wages it is prepared to pay. Most of this was foreseen by some of us 5 years ago when the hospital was built. A small cottage-hospital, would have been adequate for the town's needs, with the Bridgewater hospital less than an hour's drive away on a smooth paved road. Golf Club meeting in the Morsey

Paper Co. offices tonight. I was amongst the directors re-elected. The Club has properties (mostly land & improvements) valued at cost, \$20,000. Annual dues produced last year \$1640, & visitors' greens fees \$2200. As usual the Mersy Co. was the angel, & put in about \$5,000 in cash & in mechanics' services etc. during the year, not to mention providing a winter job for the pro. in the mill stores.

Members (male) dues are \$25. They should be \$125 if the Club were self-sustaining. They will certainly have to be raised to some extent.

SATURDAY, MAR 6/54 Open & shut weather - snow squalls & sunshine. Drove to Bridgewater this afternoon with some of Francis's basketball team. They lost to the Bridgewater team 19-12, & so lost any chance of being in the play-offs. Received ballot forms for the election of 8 new fellows to the Royal Society of Canada, replacing those who died in '53. In Section 2 that is. Glad to see amongst the candidates Earl Birney the poet, whom I met in Toronto in '46, & R. V. Longley of Acadia U. faculty, whom I know well. Both had my votes.

TUESDAY, MAR 9/54

Letter from young Tom. The "Athenaeum", the Acadia campus newspaper, had an issue last week produced by the Engineers. Tom had a short column with the by-line of "Radee", & if not literature it was at least decent. However several of the contributors let their pens run riot & apparently the temporary editors let everything go. The paper was spattered with bawdy jokes & "poems" etc. more suitable to a barrack room than a staid Baptist university, & as the paper is mailed to subscribers all over Canada

& parts of the U.S. (mostly parents or old grads) there was hell to pay. Dr. Kirkconnel received a blizzard of indignant letters, & publication of the "Athenium" has been suspended until further notice. The dean of Engineers, a blunt man, informed his students that, "The paper wasn't merely suggestive it was goddam well vulgar." Tom's own comment is probably the attitude of all - "Anything for a little excitement."

THURSDAY, MAR. 11/54 Cold, windy, snow squalls. After much labor I have completed printer's copies of the ten short stories to be published under the title "A Muster of Arms" next Fall. My old R. C. Smith typewriter, purchased in 1938, and which I have written eleven books & many articles etc, is now showing every sign of 16 years' hard service. Saw Walter Lovelace today (he has R. C. Smith agency here) & arranged to have a new machine sent down from Nfx. Lovelace says the new machine costs about \$250, & thinks he will be able to allow \$75 for the old machine (which cost me \$160 in '38).

After long persuasion (& much sarcasm about flat feet) Francie is wearing her first pair of high-heeled shoes, a pair of red pumps, a vast improvement over the ugly flat-heeled saddle shoes & ankle sox to which she has been addicted for so long.

SATURDAY, MAR. 13/54 Lovelace brought my new typewriter this morning. Price \$235 & he will allow \$60 for the old one. I am to give the Samuel Robertson Memorial Lecture at Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown on Tuesday, & had planned to drive up to Nfx on Sunday afternoon & catch the train (or a plane if there was flying weather) for P.E.I. on Monday morning. However at tea-time

this evening I heard a weather forecast on the radio warning of a S.E. gale with heavy snow on Sunday, so I packed my things & drove to Pfx tonight. Spent the night with Mum & the Gamsters at Jollimore.

SUNDAY, MAR. 14/54 Drove into the city this morning & attended service at St. Paul's. The church was filled to the doors & I am told this is true of all the city churches nowadays, a revival of religious interest after the let-down which followed the war. The snowstorm began about lunch time, & by 8 p.m., when Herb drove me into the city, many cars were in difficulty - caught without chains or snow-tires. I had a room reserved at the Nova Scotian hotel on the fourth floor, & every time I wakened in the night I could hear the whistle of wind & the swish of snow against the panes, & the braying of the fog-horn on Georges Island & on various ships anchored in the stream. Had a brief chat on the phone with Bendeliet. Herb Gamster told me privately that Simpsons - Sears Ltd. had offered B. \$8,500 a year to manage the book department in their big Toronto store. B. felt that he couldn't leave Pfx without paying his debts there. Apparently he owes bills all over the place & owes altogether more than \$4,000. He hinted to S-S that they advance this amount & deduct it from the salary over a period of two or three years, but they cooled off suddenly & apparently the matter is dead.

MONDAY, MAR. 15/54 Up at 6 am. Bathed, shaved, had breakfast, walked along the passage to the railway station (the big advantage of staying at the

Nova Scotian in bad weather) & boarded the Ocean Limited, which left at 8:20. The snowstorm ceased, although there was a high wind drifting the fallen snow all day, & the scene along the way, especially when passing through woods, was beautiful. Lunched in the diner - had to bolt it down in a hurry because the train reached Sackville at 12:35 & there I had to change trains. The train for Cape Tormentine left Sackville about 15 minutes later. A jovial crowd of Islanders aboard including several young soldiers on leave. Weather much colder in these parts & the outer windows of the train were obscured by condensed vapor, so that it was impossible to see very much. At Tormentine after many fits & starts & violent jerkings back & forth the train went on board the big ferry steamer "Abequait", & everybody got out & prowled about the luxurious lounges. All very nice, but as the voyage only takes 50 minutes you wonder at the unnecessary expense. At Cape Borden, after plowing through pack ice about half the way, the ship came easily into the dock & the train went ashore. We then sat still for half an hour. Then we headed towards Charlottetown, the new diesel engine uttered a gentle baritone note at every road crossing, & the landscape went past, mostly farmland & patches of woods. Snow had drifted up to the fence tops in places. About a mile past a little station called Milton the conductor dashed madly to the communication cord & the train stopped with a terrific jerk in the middle of some woods. It seemed that a

passenger, a young lady, was expecting to get off at Milton. So the train backed up all the way to Milton, let the young woman off, & resumed the journey. It was supposed to reach Ch. town at about 6 p.m. but we got there about 7 p.m. Dr. Frank MacKinnon, head of P. of N. college, met me at the station with his car. A tall man, about 40, dark, Roman nose, glasses, very pleasant. He had engaged a room for me at the Charlotte-town Hotel, a comfortable brick place run by the C.N.R. We had dinner together there & chatted for a time. I went to bed early having slept fitfully the night before, & feeling beaten up somehow by that ten or eleven hour journey in the train.

TUESDAY, MARCH 16/54

Temp. 10° above zero last night. A bright cold morning. I spent an hour or more walking about the town. It reminds me of Halifax thirty years ago, in that so many of the old-fashioned wooden houses remain unchanged, & coal is delivered in little box-carts perched high on a pair of wheels & drawn by a horse, & there is an air of dignified repose about every thing. MacKinnon lunched with me at the hotel, & afterwards I phoned my old comrade G. E. Champion, who is manager of the airport radio station 4 miles out of town. (We were operators together at the old Campdown wireless station 32 years ago.) "Champ" came in his car, took me to see the radio outfit & then to his house, where we chatted over tea & cake with his wife & his son, who is a wireless operator himself.

Returned to the hotel at 5. Bathed & changed. D. Leo Dolan, head of the Canadian gov't tourist promotion bureau (or whatever it's called) is being given a reception & dinner by the local Board of Trade at the hotel. MacKinnon came for me at 6 & said we were invited to the reception & should put in any appearance, which we did. Had a brief chat with Dolan, who told me how Theodore Roosevelt Jr. remarked to him one day in the early 1930's "There is a man named Thomas Raddall writing Canadian stories for Blackwood's Magazine, the best damn' writer you've got up there, & you're the first Canadian I've met who knows anything about him."

MacKinnon took me on to his ~~place~~^{home}, a roomy old wooden house near the college, where we made a dinner party of eight, all men, most of them members of the P. of W. staff but including a keen goodlooking chap named Lottian, whom I had met in Liverpool just after the war (he spent part of his honeymoon at Eagle Lake) & the P.E.I. minister of agriculture, a heavy jovial man named Shaw. Mrs. MacKinnon is a goodlooking Irishwoman, dark, intelligent, charming, & very capable; for as far as I could see she prepared the excellent dinner herself, & served it with MacKinnon's aid, & from time to time slipped out to attend to their four small & lively children. There was an open fire in the dining room, & candlelight & evergreen decoration on the table, all very nice. At 9 o'clock we walked across to the college & found people assembled & still

assembling in the large auditorium. (MacKinnon had set this hour for the lecture so that various people who were attending the Board of Trade dinner could then get over here.) In a small lounge for the staff I was introduced to the official party attending the lecture, including Lieut-Governor T. W. P. Brouse (in full evening dress), his aide de camp Col. A. W. Rogers (whom I knew as a "West Nova" veteran; he was in full army fig, with the aide's official "chicken-guts" on the left breast & shoulder), the Premier (A. W. Matthews, a lean man 6'6" tall, pale eyes, rather pasty face, receding chin, 40-ish, a very able politician I believe.) ^{the Chief Justice} and the acting Mayor of Charlottetown, Edwin C. Johnstone, all with their wives. We marched in from the back of the hall, two & two, MacKinnon & myself bringing up the rear, while a pianist played a march & the audience rose politely & stood until the official party were seated. Mac & I & Bramwell Chandler (a member of our little dinner party who is head of the excellent regional library system in P. E. I.) went on to the platform. MacK. introduced me & I did my stuff on the subject "The Literary Art". A good audience, at least they laughed in all the right places & were attentive always. Chandler made a graceful little speech of thanks & appreciation at the close, & then we adjourned to the college library, where tea & sandwiches & cakes were served by young women teachers to a large number of people who had been invited to attend the reception. I was introduced to a ^{many} large number of pleasant people, chatted with many of them. After this a Mr. & Mrs. Ryndman, friends of the MacKinnons, insisted on carrying us off to their house for drinks & chat. We went, but I knew Mrs. MacK. must be tired & at midnight I

thanked the Heydemaans & said I must get back to the hotel.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 17/54 Cold, though sunny. Mack. called to thank me again & asked me to let him have a complete figure on my traveling expenses, which are to be paid out of the Robertson Memorial Fund. (There is no lecture fee.) Champion was planning to come in for me this morning so that I could have lunch with them before boarding the plane. However at breakfast I was called to the phone, & Champ's son informed me that his father had been taken ill & they had just rushed him off to the hospital. I was shocked, but the son assured me that Champ's life was in no danger, that the doctors had diagnosed the trouble as stone in the kidney.

Had breakfast & a long chat with John Kay, who was a schoolboy at Chibucto School during the first war when I was there. He is now a successful consulting engineer & is here doing some work for the telephone company. From my hotel window I watched the St. Patrick's Day parade, about 150 men marching in widely separated twos, wearing black top-hats, white gloves, and a sort of green bib with a yellow fringe, all led by a standard-bearer carrying a large Union Jack, & then a military band. The green flag of Ireland followed behind the band, & behind the lash of the top hats came two brand-new motorcars, each a brightly gleaming green, & fluttering green ribbons. The procession halted outside the hotel, & the band played "The Minstrel Boy" and "I'll take you home again, Kathleen" before going on. A cold wind along the street made some difficulty with the top hats. I wondered what the New York Irish (or

the Dublin Irish) would have thought of that big Union Jack at the head of the whole thing.

An early lunch, & then off to the airport by taxi. Maritime Airways, the very successful company which covers the east coast provinces & Labrador, operates twin-engined D.C. 3's on this route, & they seem as well manned & maintained as the planes of T.C.A. We took off at 1.50 p.m. The pack ice in the strait made an interesting study from the air. And what a difference in travel compared with that interminable journey by train! In 15 minutes we touched down at New Glasgow. At 3.05 we were down on the airport at Eastern Passage. The airport-limousine took me over the harbor to the N.S. Hotel, where Herb Carmester picked me up in his car & took me on to Jollimore. There I had a brief chat with Mum, jumped in my own car & came on to Liverpool. Home about 7.15. Heavy snow everywhere from last Sunday's storm, & the continued cold had left slippery patches on the road.

FRIDAY, MAR. 19/54 Sunny & cool. A good walk to Milton & back this afternoon. Old Sidney Morton had sent word that he wanted to see me so I dropped in. He is 86, getting feeble & senile. He announced that he expects to die this year & I must write his obituary when the fatal day arrives. He provided pencil & paper & gave the necessary dates, the names of his parents, of his two marriages & of the deaths of both wives. Showed me a cost-account of the building of the big house in 1864.

An tea-time at home young Tom blew in for the week-end, having hitch-hiked from Wolfville.

with Paul Chandler. Letter from Father M. O'Donnell of St. Mary's University, Hfr, reminding me of my promise to Father Lynch to address his students. I replied suggesting a date in April.

SUNDAY, MAR. 21/54 Tom Jr. had the chance of a drive back to Walverville this morning, & he & Paul took off at 10. a.m. E., Francis & I went to morning service. Delightful warm day. Snow vanishing. Drove to Sable River this afternoon. Found a lot of mayflowers on the roadside in bud, but none in anything approaching blossom. Called on Aunt Mame Bell in Milton later.

MONDAY, MAR. 22/54 Wesley brought the old Freeman sofa & the chair, which he had restored and re-upholstered. His charge (\$115 including material) was as usual just about twice his estimate but he seems to have done a good job & E. is delighted.

Letter (in Italian) from a publishing firm in Milan asking about rights in "Sidefall". I sent it on to Boston in a letter to Stanley Salmon today.

An experimental atomic (hydrogen) bomb set off by the Americans at Bikini on March 1st. seems to have astonished the scientists with a violence that outran all calculations. The crew of a Japanese fishing vessel ⁷¹ miles away saw a brilliant flash & cloud pillar, & two hours later were sprinkled by falling dust which turned out to be nuclear ash, causing large blisters to form on the exposed skin & making them all ill. A U.S. navy tanker 100 miles from the blast was also affected. The Manchester Guardian urges the U.S. to cease these dangerous experiments, & that seems

to be the opinion of much of the Western, as well as the Soviet world.

In a bald letter today from the town clerk, speaking for the Town Council, I am informed that the Library Association must cease raising funds by the sale of second-hand articles in the new building. Our library ladies are indignant, for they had gone to great pains, painting & fitting up a rough room in the basement for this purpose.

The things they were selling were of a superior kind - this form of raising funds for libraries & similar purposes is known in Canada as a "NEARLY-NEW" sale - & it seems evident that Mayor Lockward, a narrow-minded man with a malevolent wife, is pursuing his feud against the Association & the ladies who are its chief workers.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 24/54 I drove to Bridgewater this afternoon, & had Dunlop, the eye specialist, give my sight a thorough examination. He found the eye muscles in good general condition, although the eyes have become short-sighted with the years, & discovered that the left eye's distance had shortened a bit since Wile prescribed my last pair of glasses. He will change the left lens in both my pairs of glasses. Fee, \$23.

Further letter from the town clerk, asking me to confer some time before April 23rd with the Mayor, the town solicitor, & himself, about a formal agreement between the Town & the Library Association regarding operation of the new building. He sets forth a list of items, including a clause forbidding the use of the building for anything but

"the purposes of a Library, Reading Room & Rest Room," & adds a sort of shot-gun item at the end which says "This agreement may be terminated on three months notice by either party."

Tonight I presided at a meeting of the Library Association in Town Hall to discuss this matter as well as our regular affairs, & to appoint a nominating committee to bring in a list of officers for the ensuing business year. The date of the annual meeting was set for Wednesday April 28th. I was instructed to write to the Town Council, asking them to get a clear & exact definition of the clause in their agreement with the Royal Trust company, which ~~defines~~ ^{states} the purposes for which the De Wolfe Memorial Library is to be used. I am to set forth the Association's argument that use of the building for the raising of funds for the library comes within the intention of the De Wolfe bequest. And I am to mail a copy of this letter to the Royal Trust company direct. Opinion of members present was that Mrs Lockward is the chief source of mischief, with Lockward a willing tool, & some other enemies of the whole library business lending their secret support to "Lock's" machinations. Mabel & Ppyl Jones dropped in later for a chat about the whole business.

THURSDAY, MAR. 25/54 A good walk to Milton & back this afternoon, bright sunshine but a cold wind. Spent the whole morning on library business. Funny how I get involved in these things which are such a distraction from my own work. At the Mowbray Jones house tonight I met young Jack Gray, of Halifax (son of the late Sam Gray, who

was a Power Commission, engineer on the Mersay job in 1929.

A born artist with a special taste for ships & the sea, he has come a long way since he exhibited his first painting in a Hfx art show at the age of 14. He is on his way to Yarmouth to deliver some of his paintings, & the Jones' have bought from him a pleasant oil showing a small fishing station on the Tundy side of the North Mountain near Cape Split. Jack has been to sea in every type of craft from a Lunenburg bank schooner to a small yacht of his own, & knows his stuff.

Says he has made careful notes & drawings of the rowboats & sailboats in use about the N.S. coast, & that there are about 40 types of motorboat alone including several variations on the Cape Island boat.

Unfortunately he finds his best market in New York & he is removing there with his wife & child next Fall. Claims he can live as cheaply in N.Y. as in expensive Hfx, & run up here for the summers.

British Columbia Telephone Co., in which I hold 160 common shares, is issuing warrants for the purchase of new shares on a basis of 1 for 4. In other words I have the right to buy 40 new shares @ \$31.50. (The market price of B.C. Tel. common is now 38½.) I shall have no spare cash this year, so E. & I went to the Royal Bank today & arranged to sell her 30 shares of Maritime Telephone, & 35 shares of my holding in Maritime Telephone at a price of "17 or better." British Columbia is booming & the telephone stock there offers a much better dividend & chances of appreciation than the Maritime Telephone, in which however I still retain 250 shares purchased at 15. These two telephone stocks, & some shares in Newfoundland Light &

Paver Co., constitute my modest investments, a total of \$13,360. The market value of these stocks is at present \$15,820, & they yield annual dividends of \$772, the only definite item in my very uncertain income.

SUNDAY, MAR. 28/54 Clear blue sky, bright sun, but a bitter gale from NW yesterday & today. Church this a.m. with E. & Francie. This afternoon I drove to White Point well muffled in sweaters, & played 18 holes in some horrible score (I soon stopped counting strokes). Enjoyed the brisk exercise & change of scene after the monotony of the winter walks to Milton's back. Later drove with E. & Francie to call on Miss Bell.

Much unemployment here as all over the Maritimes just now. In Liverpool this is chiefly due to the steady reduction of Steel & Engine Co.'s payroll since the naval refitting ceased, plus the usual winter stagnation in outdoor work, plus the almost complete cessation of the boom in new houses which began in 1946. I learn that in the past two weeks, 18 young men, all married, with children, have sold their effects & gone away to jobs in the U.S. & central or western Canada.

MONDAY, MAR. 29/54

E. has sold her 30 shares, & I have sold 35 shares of my common stock in Maritime Telephone Co. at \$17. Arranged sale through Royal Bank here. We did this to get cash for purchase of 40 new shares in British Columbia Telephone Co. (available to me as a shareholder at a price of \$31.50.) This gave us a profit on the Maritime stock, & will give us a considerable profit on the B.C. stock (now selling on the open market at \$38.50) if we choose to sell that. We plan to hold it for

a time. B.C. Telephone pays a dividend of \$2 per share per year, whereas Maritime Telephone pays 80¢.

Today I sent Mc Clelland & Stewart typescript of the ten stories to be included in "A Muster of Arms" together with my foreword & list of contents showing the order in which the tales should appear in the book. Also recommended getting young Jack Grey to do head- & tailpiece drawings to illustrate each story.

FRIDAY, APRIL 2/54 Cold winds all this week, a whole gale today, but in spite of it I played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon, moving fast to keep warm - it was more like polo. Big sea running in on the point with shaggy white crests whipped by the offshore wind. As I teed off at N° 6, a large flock of wild duck ("old squaws") watched me from the nearby water, where they were sheltering from the wind. As usual a litter of empty sea-urchin shells on the fairway & in the rough along N° 4 & 5, where the gulls bring the urchins to eat.

Today after many months of pondering & rejecting plots & characters I began to write the new novel.

SUNDAY, APR. 4/54 Still in the claws & teeth of winter - temp. 18° above zero last night & a gale reaching 50 m.p.h. from the NW. On the prairies thermometers are far below zero & there are blizzards from the Rockies to Quebec.

MONDAY, APR. 5/54 Sunny but blowing hard at W. and bitter cold. I played 18 holes at White Point in the gale this afternoon, temp. 38°. Again a wild sea. "Contrails" of aircraft, too high to be seen or heard, drawing white pencil lines across a very blue sky from west to east,

& at a lower level a few strange fuzzy clouds, fish-shaped, with ragged tails, moving slowly seaward, apparently above the gale. The first robin caught the first worm of the season on my lawn tonight. And we had clams in the shell, boiled, for supper. — E. had obtained half a bucket of them brought in by a fisherman from Port L'Herbert.

TUESDAY, APR. 6/54

Fulfilling a promise to address an English literature class at St. Mary's University. I drove to Hfx. late this afternoon & had supper in a restaurant on Queenpool Road, & ran around to Collimore for a chat with Mum & Hilda. The lecture had been set for 8:30 in order to enable some night-school students & some members of the public to attend. As so often when I have a trip to Hfx the weather had turned bad, with a rising easterly gale & rain. The old St. Mary's, a brick structure on Windsor St, was familiar to me in boyhood when I lived not far away. The new one is a splendid large building of stone on the old Collins ("Dorsebrook") estate, facing on the end of Robie Street near St. Inghis Street.

Just within the entrance I found Father O'Donnell waiting for me & we went to the Rector's office for a cigaret before the lecture hour. The Rector is Very Rev. Father Lynch S. J., whom I met when he was addressing a Hallburton group at King's College last year on the subject of the Massey Report.

A young man (about 40 I should say) fresh complexion, blue eyes, rather thin face, an intellectual face, but nothing stuffy about him. In the classroom I mounted a dais with Fr. Lynch & found about 100 students, men & women, two or three of the Jesuit teachers, & perhaps

20 or 30 of the public, filling the room. I delivered the lecture on "The Literary Art" which I prepared originally for my visit to Charlottetown last month. I spoke about 40 minutes; & for about half an hour after, answered questions by teachers & students, all intelligent & to the point. This is the kind of audience I prefer. I enjoyed myself & I think they enjoyed me. Several came up afterwards & expressed their interest & appreciation. Don Mackay was there, & Peter Grossman, but these were the only ones I knew. I had a brief chat with both.

Meanwhile the weather had become a howling gale with sheets of rain, & Lt. Lynch hospitably offered me a room for the night in the university living quarters, but I said my family would be expecting me. As we said goodbye, Lt. O'Donnell passed me an envelope, saying it was a little token of their appreciation. I said I didn't take pay for this kind of thing; but Lt. Lynch insisted that it would pay for my gasoline on the trip. I protested, they were firm, & I put the envelope in my pocket.

The first 50 miles to Liverpool were bad going, not only rain & wind but a thick mist driving with it. Impossible to see even the white lines in the road centre for long stretches. Somewhere about Chester the mist disappeared, there was only the rain & quite good visibility & I stepped up the speed to 50 or 60 m.p.h. & reached home shortly after 1 a.m. & found C. waiting up for me. When I opened the "token" envelope I found a cheque for \$25.00

WEDNESDAY, APR. 7, 54

Mild, open & shut weather, a real spring day. Played 18 holes at White Point, score 100. Course wet & soggy. Professor C. L. Bennett of Dalhousie has sent me the annual (Sal. students') entries for the James De Mille (essay & short story) prizes, and the

Joseph Howe (poetry) prizes. Only 3 contestants for the 2 prose prizes, all quite good, & six for the poetry prizes, all quite bad. Last year there were only seven contestants altogether. This, in the major Maritime university, seems to reflect a general indifference to English composition, yet I found the students at St. Mary's quite keen. Possibly it reflects only the pre-occupation with Easter exams.

The war in the Canadian Authors Association rages merrily. Acting president Arthur Child, & the secretary-treasurer Court Stone, have suddenly resigned, which looks as if the Toronto branch had won a battle. Hugh McLennan, Will Bird & others who supported Child were prepared, a month ago, to resign if he did. A silly squabble, the whole thing.

THURSDAY, APR. 8/54 Rain. I spent this evening at the library, wading through the Jones books & removing from the shelves everything that I considered useless or redundant. There were whole shelves full of old army training manuals going back to 1913, of railway engineering textbooks, & so on. Apparently Paul, at the Chateau de la Bonne Entente, ignored the marks I put on the books while up there with Mowbray, & shipped the whole thing down.

FRIDAY, APR. 9/54 Fine, cool. Golf this afternoon. So far I am the only player on the course this year. E. came along & picked a fine bunch of mayflowers in the woods by White Point boathouse. Spent this evening in the new library with Mobe & Phyl Jones, going over the culls. Mobe insisted most of them must go back on the shelves & seemed a little indignant that I should think of throwing them

out, but I still feel they are deadwood.

SUNDAY, APR. 11/54 Cool today, rain tonight. Church in morning, Miss Bell's in afternoon. This evening Donald broadcast phoned from Halifax saying I would soon be invited to address the annual banquet of the National Library Assn., which is meeting in Nfx this June, & urging me strongly to accept. I said I hated after-dinner speaking. He warned me solemnly that I couldn't afford to say No to a group that had so much to do with the buying & recommendation of books in Canada. Which is true, so reluctantly I said I'd do it.

MONDAY, APR. 12/54 Nice day, bright & warm. Had the car brakes checked at the garage this morning - young Tom comes home tomorrow. Golf this afternoon, score terrible, air & sunshine wonderful. E. picked mayflowers.

TUESDAY, APR. 13/54 Shocked to hear on the morning news broadcast that Angus L. Macdonald died in a Halifax hospital at about 2:30 this morning. Heart failure. He had looked frail for the past four or five years. During the current session of the legislature he had fulfilled his duties as Premier, entering vigorously into debate, as well as maintaining the portfolio of Minister of Highways, which was left vacant by Raudings' defeat. He was 64. The greatest Nova Scotian since Joseph Howe, & in his personal life greater than Howe, for the breath of scandal never touched him, & he had none of Howe's vanity.

E. & I left home at 9 a.m. to pick up Tom & his chums for the Easter vacation. Drove to Nfx first, called on Mum & presented her with a bouquet of mayflowers, then on to Simpsons, where we both shopped. I got some

English wool socks, a light golf jacket, & a patent ashtray for my den. Dined with C. in Simpson's restaurant. Left for Wolfville at 1:30. Weather at L'pool had been sunny & warm. At Hfx it was sunny with a raw north wind. Reached the "Barra" at Acadia about 3:30. Tom brought Bill Parker along to spend Easter with us, & Paul Chandler also brought a friend, so with these & their wildly assorted impedimenta we had a carfull. The sky clouded. There was a strange white "smoke" on Blomidon which turned out to be snow, & soon we were driving through a brisk snowstorm ^{over South Mountain} which lasted all the way home. On the South Mountain the road, the ground & trees were plastered with snow as if in January, but on the South Shore the stuff was melting as it fell.

Had my furnace oil-tanks filled today. This makes exactly 1014 gallons used in the past twelve months, starting from a full tank this time last April. Wednesday, Apr. 14/54 Sunny, cool. Deposited the Doubleday cheque (#2000.00) today, having held it in hopes that the discount on U.V. funds would ease a bit. It did, from about 3½% to today's 2¼% since January.

Bill Parker & I played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon. He is a very good player, was on the Acadia golf team last year. My game was even worse than usual, but the exercise was good. Today's papers filled with eulogies of Angus L. He had been truly Mr. Nova Scotia for so long that everyone had come to regard him as an institution, something taken for granted, & now that he is gone there is a sudden & general recounting of his virtues, a sort

of re-discovery of the things that make a good man.

By contrast Harold Connolly steps into the post of Premier, the typical smart conniving Irish ward politician, a very little man indeed.

THURSDAY, APR. 15/54 Snow fell all day, melting on ground.

GOOD FRIDAY, APR. 16/54 A sunny morning, very cold, clouding over & raining tonight. ~~Tonight~~ This afternoon with Tom & Bill I went to Moose Harbor, bought 16 lbs. of lobsters from old John Vraelic, made a fire in the fireplace outside my cabin & boiled the lobsters in sea water. We had them for supper, with Joan Wickwire as an additional guest.

Letter from A. G. Bailey, dean of Arts at U. N. B. (I met him at the Royal Society convention in London, Ont. last year) asking me to give an address in Fredericton May 10th. Occasion, the unveiling of a memorial tablet to Julia C. B. Hart, native born novelist who wrote "The Sun of Canada", published in 1824. No can do.

SATURDAY, APR. 17/54 Rain all day. Letter from a German publishing company, Wolfgang Krüger Verlag GMBH., of Hamburg, enquiring about German translations rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp" and "Lidfall".

SUNDAY, APR. 18/54 Morning service with my family plus Bill, the church filled, a rare sight. The rostrum banked with white lilies & chrysanthemums. Marie Freeman joined us for dinner, roast capon with cranberry preserve & three vegetables, & lemon pie.

At 2 p.m. the boys left for Wolfville in "Casey" Chandler's car. They had brought books to study during the holidays for the forthcoming exams, but in spite of almost continuous bad weather they were off in the car most of the time, calling here & there, with evening

gatherings of young men & women (mostly students home on holiday like themselves) at our house & elsewhere, never getting to bed until 2 or 3 a.m., & sleeping in all morning. No study. However they had a good time after a winter of "cracking the books" so it was quite natural. The weather cleared & the sun came out five minutes after they left.

MONDAY, APRIL 19/54 Sunny & mild. A perfect day for Angus Macdonald's funeral, which was held this morning. The body had lain in state in the Red Chamber of Province House for the past four days, & *Nfx* newspapers estimate 85,000 people filed through the chamber. Funeral service was held in St. Mary's basilica, burial in the R.C. cemetery at Lower Sackville. Tremendous crowds. I would have gone myself if I had thought I could even get near the funeral, but I was never much good at mob-pushing. I have liked & admired the man ever since I met him in the early 1930's, when I changed my conservative viewpoint. In provincial politics I have voted Liberal ever since except on one or two occasions when I could not stomach the local candidate.

Golf this afternoon while E. gathered many flowers in the woods.

TUESDAY, APR. 20/54

A summer day - our first thoroughly warm & calm day. Golf this afternoon - had to throw off cap & sweater before going far. Peter Grossman lay in wait for me at the golf club to confirm my undertaking to address the Library Association in June. Received copies of a new Dutch edition of

"The Nymph & The Lamp", this one in a somewhat different translation, put out by De Gezins Boekerij, with the title changed to "De Gebede op Marina". It is bound in cloth, & the ~~stg~~ dust jacket shows Isabel as a typical Dutch woman.

News: two Russian trawlers named Odessa & Sebastopol have been observed fishing on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland during the past 2 weeks. Russians are seen frequently seen in Iceland waters but this is the first time they have ventured to the Banks.

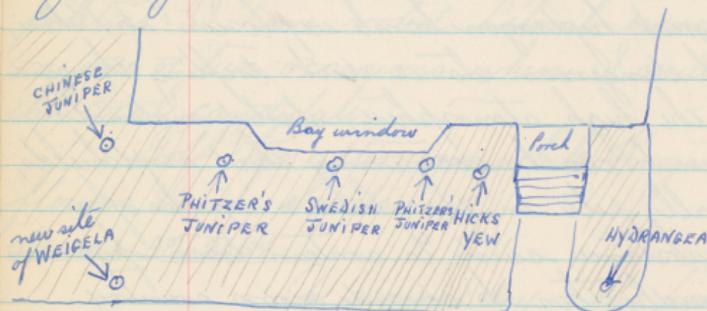
It is now many months since anyone has seen the famous "flying saucers". However there is a new form of mass hysteria. A few weeks ago motorists in Seattle found their windshields ~~being~~ ~~marked~~ marked by what appeared to be pellets from an airgun, although no pellets were found. Photographs show that the marks were definitely caused by a projectile of some sort, & a gang of impractical jokers, probably of teen age, was suspected. However this business, coming on the heels of the great hydrogen bomb explosion at Bikini, & reports of dangerous atomic dust drifting thousands of miles in the high atmosphere, started motorists all over the west coast examining their windshields, finding small pits in the glass, & specks of a mysterious substance said to contain traces of various metals. Rapidly then it spread across country. This morning's radio says half a dozen motorists in Halifax have found pits in their windshields.

WEDNESDAY, APR 21/54 Fine & warm, although there was a chilly breeze off the sea when I played golf at White Point this afternoon. Library Association

held their annual business meeting in town hall tonight. Mrs. Williams & Beatrice Macdonald came to tea & I was chatting with them afterwards when Vessman phoned to say the Library people were assembled & waiting for their president. I hustled down & for lack of any other space parked my car in the forbidden plot at the rear of town hall. Routine business. I was re-elected president for the year ending April, 1955. Funds still very low but use of the library increasing fast, especially in the children's department. The matter of a rummage sale in the library building still in abeyance until the Town Council replies to my letter of protest against the ban.

Upon emerging I found a police ticket on my car. Went to police office, explained my crime, & Brennan tore up the ticket.

Today McCormick, the Annapolis nursery man, arrived with his helper & planted five shrubs along the front of the house & moved my weigelia bush to the side. Thus:-



SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1954

Sunny, cool. Golf alone this afternoon, score 95. Letter from Charles Bruce who says the Toronto branch is in the right, in the C.A.A. mess, insofar as its opposition to the proposed new by-laws is concerned. The battle of personalities apparently developed out of that, but Bruce seems to know as little as I do about these hidden & long-standing animosities.

MONDAY, APR. 26/54 Sunny, windy. Golf. Much ado over Indo-China, where the French have been waging an ~~un~~ ineffectual war with communist native troops ever since 1945. The trouble is basic, the Indo-Chinese want their independence & the French should have granted it & got out gracefully (& cheaply) when the British wisely got out of India & Burma. The French, a people with neither the genius nor the stomach for modern war (as we saw in 1917 and again in 1949) hung on to the country greedily, thinking the Foreign Legion & some native levies could put down any opposition. Instead they found the communists well armed & led, with the secret sympathy & support of most of the population. It developed into a slam-bang war on the Korean scale, & during the past 6 months the Chinese (& through them the Russians) have been supplying large quantities of munitions, trucks, artillery, etc, quite openly to the Indo-Chinese. Now the French are in a bad box & as usual are getting ready to run out. Unfortunately U.S. prestige is involved, for the Americans have backed the French with money & munitions ever since the Chinese switched their activities from Korea to Indo-China.

Also French withdrawal in the face of victorious Communist armies is a very different thing from the graceful & peaceful removal which was possible before. In Asia it would be reckoned a defeat of the whole of western democracy in actual war, as Korea so nearly was, & the British would find their position in Malaya quite impossible.

Hence there is a buzz in London & Washington to the effect that British & U.S. troops may go to Indo-China to support the weak-kneed French.

TUESDAY, APR. 27/54

Sunny, windy, cold. Golf. Francis has her first pair of glasses. Strange to find poor eyesight in both our children at this early age. Conference at town hall this morning with Mayor Lockward & town clerk Bob McBlarn. Ken Jones was with me. Lockward, smiling & suave, said he had placed my letter before the town council & the verdict was that the Library Association could use the new building only for the actual lending of books; that teas, sales of any kind, & other activities must be carried on elsewhere. I accused him of hostility to the Association & its efforts to raise funds. This he denied, but the truth was apparent in his face. He is a retired banker, 60-ish, childless, with a half-mad wife who quarreled violently with lady members of the Library Association when they were all active in the Red Cross & I.O.O.F. during the late war. Eventually Mrs. Lockward withdrew from these activities, cherishing a grudge. Lockward himself is a tall man with hunched shoulders & a granite face, with grey hair cropped close to the skull.

He retired from the Royal Bank on pension 2 or 3 years ago, but could not content himself with retirement on that & the money he has saved stringently all his life. Avaricious & riggardly in all his dealings, he soon took an office job with Steel & Engine Products Co, for the sake of more income. Upon retirement he bought a bungalow on Church Street & for the first time found himself paying a substantial tax bill. This annoyed him. He got himself elected to the town council & amongst other things led the opposition to the town's paying \$3,000 or so to finish building the De Wolfe library. This failed. But last year, in the absence of any other candidate from this end of town, he was elected mayor. This has given him a wonderful opportunity to knife the Library Association on his own behalf & his wife's.

Our conference, which was supposed to settle terms of a written agreement between the Library Association & the town, ended in nothing. I refused to sign an agreement binding the library to the present rigid attitude of the mayor & the council whom he is able to sway, for this would survive & bind future town officers & library committees no matter how they felt. I suggested that we could afford to wait "until there is a more favorable climate in Town Hall" before we signed anything. Finally he said he would place my objections before the council. But I know what that means.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 28/54 The novel proceeds, as usual with blood & sweat, & slowly. Another sunny but chill day. I spent most of the afternoon pushing the old iron roller with its gurgling water contents over my lawns,

which are sadly humped by the winter frosts & thaws. Letter from Hugh Kane of Mc Blelland & Stewart accepting my suggestion that Jack Grey do the drawings for "A Muster of Arms". He also announced that 1955 will be the Golden Jubilee year of M. & S., & that amongst other things to mark the Jubilee the firm intends to bring out a new & complete edition of all my works with a standard format & binding. Wants my suggestions for a "case stamp" for the book covers embodying some illustrative symbol, or perhaps a monogram of my initials. Suggests that Grey do this as well as the drawings for "Muster," which will be published next Fall in the standard binding & format of the proposed 1955 set. I confess myself pleased beyond measure with this proposed complete edition, which will mark a kind of milestone in my writing career.

E. & I went to the movies tonight ("Mogambo," an African tale with Clark Gable, looking old & more wooden than ever, & Ava Gardner & the new star Grace Kelly. The whole thing was filmed in East Africa & there were wonderful pictures & sound recordings of native tribesmen & of jungle animals.) Afterwards played cards & chatted at the Mobe & Phyl Jones' house.

THURSDAY, APR. 29/54 Sunny, cool. Golf. (Score bad as usual lately & I stopped counting strokes at the 5th hole.) Returned to Rev. Father Lynch, of St. Mary's, the novel he lent me, & wrote a letter of thanks. Mowbray Jones (see entry Oct 14/53) has demanded that his name be removed from the \$500 note which he & his brother Ken & I endorsed for the Library Association. Reason, he had given \$50 cash

towards the cost of the library shelves. Annual invitation to the Haliburton club dinner at King's College, May 4th. Can't go.

FRIDAY, APR. 30/54

Fine & cool. Letter from Helen Creighton. The C.A.A. is making an effort to pull itself together, chiefly through the efforts of Leslie Barnard, a good man, & Frank Stilling of Western Ontario University has agreed to offer himself for the presidency. For several years the C.A.A. letterhead has carried my name as vice-president for the Maritimes, over my repeated protest that I live 100 miles from the nearest branch & could not undertake branch visiting or extensive correspondence. Each time the national executive has said my name was needed for "prestige" & begged me to let it stand. Last year Child & his committee repeated this little comedy, asking me to let it stand "one more year". The year is now up, & Barnard sensibly has offered the vice-presidency to Helen, who is a very good choice. She asked my advice. I said, Take it.

SATURDAY, MAY 1/54

The 13th successive day of fine though cool weather. Scored 92 at golf today.

SUNDAY, MAY 2/54

Church this morning with E. & Francis. This afternoon went for a drive with E. along the shore through East Port Medway, Vogler's Cove, Petite Riviere, West Lahare, Bridgewater, Riverport, Rose Bay, Teltzer Youth. Had a tremendous dinner (lobster etc) at Bluenose Inn, Lunenburg. Home via the main paved highway, turning off to Mutton for a short visit with Aunt Marie Bell. Her chief

news is that Roger Supper has turned up in Milton, after working several years with a construction & surveying crew on the new Labrador iron-mine railroad from Seven Islands to Burnt Lake. Meanyhile, having been divorced at last by Sue, the English girl he married during the war, & whom he deserted in Milton soon afterwards, he has married a French-Canadian girl at Monk Joli, Que. Now he has decided, at the age of 33 & after 9 years absence from flying, to enlist in the R.C.A.F. again, at Inghamwood, N.S. For 4 years during the war he flew as a navigator in bombers, in Europe & India, with the rank of flying-officer. He has re-enlisted as a plain R.C.C. (The present wrong. Roger Supper remained in employ at Seven Islands.)

TUESDAY, MAY 4/54 The 16th successive day of fine weather. Forest fires burning in various places in the Maritimes. Mobe & Phyl Jones came to dinner tonight. They are motoring to Quebec on Friday, getting back on the 13th, & insisted that we come along. E. & I had work & engagements but Mobe was absolutely determined, & at last we gave in.

THURSDAY, MAY 6/54 Now that we are planning a trip the fine weather has come to an end — pouring rain all day & temp. 40°. N.S. Power Commission has announced the contract for construction of long-contemplated dam & power plant at Lower Great Brook. This is the sole remaining power site on the Mersey River except for minor falls like Kejumbojik River & the falls at Milton Corner. The new dam will add 6,000 h.p. to the 51,000 already developed, & is estimated to cost about half a million dollars.

FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1954

E. & I left L'pool this morning at 10:30 with Monbray & Phyllis Jones in their new green Ford "ranch wagon", which has four seats & plenty of room for baggage. (Full detail of this trip in typewritten account elsewhere.) Picnic lunch at the foot of Mickey's Hill on the way to Annapolis. I drove from there to Sigby. On board the "Princess Helene" I found Bill Parker & others of the Acadia Y. track team bound for Fredericton to compete with U.N.B. Dined on board, arrived, St. John about 6:30, & pushed on to St. Stephen, where we spent the night comfortably at the Dover House.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1954

Crossed the bridge to U.S. territory, no trouble at border. Took Route 1 down the St. Croix and around the shore via Machias & Brewer to Bangor. Then Route 2. I drove from Bangor to Rumford. On to St. Johnsbury, Vermont via Lancaster & White Mountains. Dinner at a place called "The bandlight" in St. Johnsbury, & slept at a very smart & comfortable motel called "The Maple Centre". Flooded fields showed that it had been raining here for many days, & tonight it began again.

SUNDAY, MAY 9/54

Continuing rain all day as we drove up, across the border into Quebec. Picnic lunch sitting in the car outside Sherbrook. I drove from Sherbrook to Lewis. Arrived at the Chateau Bonne Entente about 4:30 p.m.

E. & I had our former big bedroom with bath.

MONDAY, MAY 10/54

Overcast & cold. I got up at 7 a.m. to drive Mobe to the airport at Dorval. There M. found that his seat reservation had miscarried & the plane to Montreal was full. He

gave up his notion of a visit there & we went into Quebec, where M. had long consultations with Gordeau, of the Royal Trust Co., who administer the Jones estate & are supposed to keep an eye on the Chateau Bonne Entente. I learned that the late Col. Jones used to insure the buildings alone for ~~£~~ \$250,000, but his heirs found the premiums a burden & reduced it to \$150,000. They have spent \$50,000 since the Col's death in making over the big house for hotel purposes, & on this trip M. arranged to buy much new equipment. The town of Sainte Loy, who blocked the proposed sale of the property to the Oblate Fathers, have raised the tax assessment 64% on the established French-Canadian principle of "soak the English & especially the rich Protestants". The Jones heirs are disputing this assessment & have hired Le Gournneau, a member of the law firm in which Prime Minister Saint Laurent was a partner. While M. was engaged on his business I wandered about the city, visited the Chateau Frontenac, saw the warworks in the Musée Historique, stopped at a tavern for a bottle of beer. Lunch & dinner at Chateau Bonne Entente. In the evening drove into Quebec & saw a very good movie, "Elephant Walk".

TUESDAY, MAY 11/54 Snow & rain today. To Quebec this morning, shopping for chinaware, cutlery etc for the Chateau B.-E. The ladies did some personal shopping & lunched downtown. At Le Gournneau's invitation M. & I lunched with him at the Garrison Club. Back to Chateau B.-E.

